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**THE BIJOU.**

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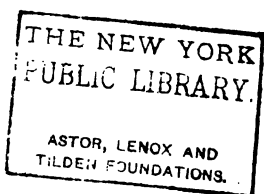
**VOLUME THE SECOND.**

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**MDCCCXXIX.**









Painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence P.R.A.

Engraved by W. Ensom.

THE RIGHT HONORABLE LADY WALLSCOURT.

*Published by William Anderson, Chancery Lane, London. Oct. 1818*

# THE BIJOU;

AN



PHILADELPHIA. THOMAS WARDLE

MDCCCXXIX.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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**THE BIJOU;**  
AN  
ANNUAL OF LITERATURE  
AND THE ARTS.

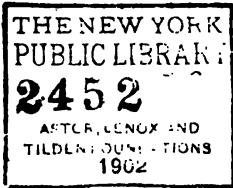


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*See Appendix Page*

*See Appendix Page*

LONDON  
WILLIAM PICKERING.  
PHILADELPHIA. THOMAS WARDLE  
MDCCCXXIX.



BY WAY  
OF  
MAY



TO  
MRS. PHILIP SIDNEY,  
THIS VOLUME  
IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,  
IN  
ADMIRATION OF HER TALENTS.





## PREFACE.

---

To the first volume of the *Bijou*, it was only necessary to prefix a notice of the claims which the Publisher believed it to possess to a share of the patronage which had been so liberally bestowed on similar works; but if the preface to a second volume were confined to such a statement, he might be justly charged with ingratitude, since it owes its appearance to the success of the former. This brief acknowledgment of the manner in which the *Bijou* was received is, however, the only expression of his feelings in which he will indulge; but he may be permitted to observe, that the encouragement which it met with has stimulated him to render its successor deserving of equal favor, and thus to testify his gratitude. To claim a decided superiority for the present volume over its competitors would be presumptuous, and perhaps arrogant; but if the *Bijou* be not entitled to the first place amongst them, there is not, he hopes, cause to fear that many will be ranked before it.

The Plates are from paintings by the most distinguished Artists of the present day, or by those of equal fame in former ages. The works of Holbein, Primaticcio, and Claude, are too well known to require commendation; and of Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A., J. M. W. Turner, Esq. R. A., and Thomas Stothard, Esq. R.A., it would be superfluous to say any thing. A sincere expression of thanks is however due to the former for the constant support which he has been pleased to afford to this work. The present volume boasts of two of his finest productions; and were it destitute of any other embellishment, they would form a safe passport for it to all who admire his extraordinary talents.

It is not possible to refrain from saying a few words on the plate of the family of Sir Thomas More, because it derives its principal claims to attention from the history of the persons which it represents. Sir Thomas More, the Chancellor of Henry the Eighth, is identified with the annals of England: he was equally celebrated for his public services and private virtues, and his home is said to have afforded a perfect specimen of domestic happiness. The celebrated picture of the different members of his family, by Holbein, is now for the first time engraved; and by all who esteem talents, honesty, and virtue in the statesman and the judge, who admire the kindest of fathers and the best of sons, and who reverence

the martyr to his conscience and his faith, will that plate be deemed of the highest interest. To the kindness of Charles Winn, of Nostell Priory, near Pontefract, Esq., the possessor of this invaluable painting in virtue of his being the representative of the eldest daughter of Sir Thomas More, the Publisher is indebted for permission to engrave it, for which he offers him his respectful thanks.

To Benjamin Oakley, of Bexley in Kent, Esq. he begs also to express his obligations for being allowed to copy his beautiful painting of Mont Blanc, by J. M. W. Turner, Esq. R. A. which is deservedly classed amongst the finest efforts of that artist's pencil. A similar acknowledgment is due to — Fitzgerald, Esq. for the loan of his picture of Christabel, by Thomas Stothard, Esq. R. A.

It will be seen that amongst the contributors are several of the most popular writers of the day, on whose merits no eulogium is necessary ; and their productions will be found fully equal to their reputation. Of the many articles which will be read with pleasure, the poems signed. " J." which are from the pen of a young lady, who with true female delicacy conceals her name, merit particular regard, and must at once place her in the first rank of British poetesses.

To Sir Thomas Elmsley Croft, Bart. whose kindness has been unremitted, to Edward Quillinan, Esq. to Martin Archer Shee, Esq. R. A. and to

Captain Hutchinson of the Royal Navy, for their beautiful effusions, as well as to several anonymous contributors, the Publisher feels deeply indebted; and he entreats them to accept of his warmest acknowledgments for having so generously afforded him the assistance of their talents. The poems by Mary Queen of Scots, which, though of undoubted authenticity, are for the first time printed, will be read with attention, not so much perhaps from their literary merits as from the fame of their author, to whose melancholy fate some of them allude. They occur in her own hand in one of her missals, and were probably written during her imprisonment at Fotheringay.

With these observations the Publisher respectfully submits the volume. If it meet with equal patronage to that which the former one received, his hopes will be realized; and he can confidently promise, that the additional gratitude with which its success will inspire him, will produce a corresponding increase of exertion to render *THE BIJOU* for the ensuing year still richer in attractions, both graphic and literary, to effect which extensive arrangements have already been made.

October 20th, 1828.

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## ERRATA.

P.68. l. 1. For "Young Mother's came," read "Young Mothers came."  
*Ibid.* For "And thou, my Eda, the star of Heaven," read "And  
 thou, my Eda, that bright star of Heaven!" 194. l. 2. For "Thy  
 songs of glory," read "Thy sons of glory."



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## ON A LADY PLAYING.

BY HARRY CORNWALL.

---

Here are sever'd lips  
Parted with sugar breath ; so sweet a bar  
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her hairs  
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven  
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,  
Faster than gnats in cobwebs : But her eyes !  
How could he see to do them ? having made one.  
Methinks it should have power to steal both his,  
And leave itself unfurnish'd.

SHAKESPEARE.

---

### I.

ONCE more amongst those rich and golden strings  
Wander with thy white arm, dear lady pale ;  
And when at last from thy sweet discord springs  
The ærial music, like the dreams that veil  
Earth's shadows with diviner thoughts and things,  
Oh, let the passion and the time prevail !  
Oh, bid thy spirit thro' the mazes run !  
For music is like love—and must be won !

B

## II.

Oh ! wake the rich chords with thy delicate fingers !  
Oh ! loose the enchanted Music from mute sleep !  
Methinks the fine Phantasma near thee lingers '  
Yet will not come, unless tones strong and deep  
Compel him,—Ah ! methinks (as love-avengers  
Requits upon the heads of those who weep  
The sorrows which they gave) the sullen thing  
Deserts thee, as thou left'st the vanquish'd string.

## III.

No—no—it comes, sweeter than death or life,  
Sweeter than hope, or joy beneath the moon ;  
Sweeter than all is that harmonious strife,  
From whose embrace is born a perfect tune,  
Where every varying note with thought is rife.  
Now—bid thy tender voice enchant us soon,  
With whatsoe'er thou wilt,—with love,—with fears,  
The rage of passion, or the strength of tears.

1824.

\* \* \* \* \*

## IV.

Some years have fled since those past lines were writ,  
And seldom now I hear the golden strings ;  
And seldom now, indeed, doth music flit  
Athwart my dreams, where graver science flings

Her shadows ; till my brow with cares is knit,  
And vainly then my better angel sings :  
Yet—sometimes doth a sound or sight restore  
That Muse who should have stayed for evermore.

## V.

—Lo ! where the Muse of Music, while I speak,  
Comes,—with incarnate beauty 'round her flung,  
The red rose burning on her laughing cheek,  
And all that art conceives of fair and young  
Lavished upon her—eyes like morning's break—  
A mouth all love—a grace like that which hung  
O'er Phidian shapes, where all was rare yet true  
And ever as men pondered lovelier grew.

## VI.

Look ! how the bright blue glance shoots forth its fire ;  
How like a star in heaven's own azure clime !  
Hark ! doth she strike, *indeed*, that answering wire ?  
Hush ! doth she sing, in *truth*, some pleasant rhyme ?  
She moves ! she sings !—and thus, while worlds admire,  
For ever will she sing through after time ;  
For ever touch that silent sweet guitar ;  
For ever gaze upon us, like a star !

, 1828.

**"THOU, GOD, SEEST ME."—GEN. xvi. 13.**

**BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.**

---

OH ! God unseen, but not unknown,  
Thine eye is ever fixed on me ;  
I dwell beneath thy secret throne,  
Encompass'd by thy Deity.

Throughout this universe of space  
To nothing am I long allied,  
For flight of time, and change of place  
My strongest, dearest bonds divide.

Parents I had, but where are they ?  
Friends whom I knew, I know no more ;  
Companions once that cheer'd my way  
Have dropt behind or gone before.

Now I am one amidst the crowd  
Of life and action hurrying round ;  
Now left alone—for like a cloud  
They came, they went, and are not found.

Even from myself sometimes I part,  
Unconscious sleep is nightly death ;  
Yet surely by my bed thou art,  
To prompt my pulse, inspire my breath.

Of all that I have done or said  
How little can I now recal !  
Forgotten things to me are dead ;  
With thee they live, thou know'st them all.

Thou hast been with me from the womb,  
Witness to every conflict here ;  
Nor wilt thou leave me at the tomb,  
Before thy bar I must appear.

The moment comes, the only one  
Of all my time, to be foretold ;  
Though when, and where, and how, can none  
Of all the race of man unfold.

That moment comes, when strength must fail,  
When health, and hope, and comfort flown,  
I must go down into the vale  
And shade of death, with thee alone.

Alone with thee ;—in that dread strife,  
Uphold me through mine agony,  
And gently be this dying life  
Exchanged for immortality.

Then, when th' unbodied spirit lands  
Where flesh and blood have never trod,  
And in the unveil'd presence stands  
Of Thee, my Saviour, and my God ;

Be mine eternal portion this,  
Since Thou wert always here with me,  
That I may view thy face in bliss,  
And be for evermore with Thee.

September 22nd, 1828.

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## THE CASCADE OF TIVOLI.

*Published by William Richards, Runcery Lane London St. 1828.*

1



## TIVOLI.

BY L. E. L.

Rushing, like uncurbed passion, thro' the rocks  
Which it has riven with a giant's strength  
Down came the gushing waters, heaped with foam,  
Like melted pearl, and filling the dark woods  
With thunder tuned to music.

---

WHEN last I gazed, fair Tivoli,  
Upon those falls of thine,  
Another step was by my side,  
Another hand in mine :  
And, mirrored in those gentle eyes,  
To me thou wert a paradise.

I've smiled to see her sweet lips move,  
Yet not one accent hear,  
Lost in thy mighty waterfall,  
Altho' we were so near,  
My breath was fragrant with the air  
'The rose-wreath gave she wont to wear.

How often have we past the noon  
Beneath thy pine-trees' shade,  
When arching bough, and dark green leaf,  
A natural temple made ;  
Haunt of some young divinity,  
And more than such she seemed to me.

So very fair, oh ! how I blest  
The gentle southern clime,  
That to the beauty of her cheek  
Had brought back summer time.  
Alas ! 'twas but a little while,—  
The promise of an April smile.

Again her clear brow turned too clear ;  
Her bright cheek turned too bright ;  
And her eyes, but for tenderness,  
Had been too full of light.  
It was as if her beauty grew  
More heavenly as it heavenward drew.

Long years have past, and toil and care  
Have sometimes been to me,  
What in my earliest despair  
I dream't not they could be ;  
But here the past comes back again,  
Oh ! why so utterly in vain ?

I stood here in my happy days,  
And every thing was fair ;  
I stand now in my altered mood,  
And marvel what they were.  
Fair Tivoli, to me the scene  
No longer is what it has been.

There is a change come o'er thy hills,  
A shadow o'er thy sky ;  
The shadow is from my own heart,  
The change in my own eye :  
It is our feelings give their tone  
To whatsoe'er we gaze upon.

Back to the stirring world again,  
Its tumult and its toil ;  
Better to tread the roughest path,  
Than such a haunted soil :  
Oh ! wherefore should I break the sleep  
Of thoughts whose waking is to weep.

Yes, thou art lovely, but alas !  
Not lovely as of yore,  
And of thy beauty I but ask ;  
To look on it no more.  
Earth does not hold a spot for me  
So sad as thou, fair Tivoli.

## THE BLIND SOLDIER AND DAUGHTER.

CHRISTMAS VERSES.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

---

OLD Soldier, old soldier, the beams of the day  
That shone on thy sabre, have long pass'd away,  
And thy sun is gone down, and thy few hairs are  
gray,

Old Soldier.

The drum and the hurrahs, where victory led,  
No longer are heard on the battle-field red !  
Thy comrades in glory are scattered, or dead,  
Old Soldier.

Perhaps thou wert foremost of some gallant band,  
By Acre's white walls, or in that ancient land,  
Where the Sphinx and gray Pyramid shaded the  
sand,

Old Soldier.

Left lonely and poor, but to fortune resign'd,  
Forgetting the trumpet that clang'd in the wind,  
Thou turnest thy organ, unnoticed and blind,  
Old Soldier.

THE BLIND SOLDIER AND DAUGHTER. 11

That red faded jacket still speaks of some pride,  
And a dutiful daughter is seen at thy side,  
To beat her light drum, or thy footsteps to guide,  
Old Soldier.

Ah ! woe to the heart that would seek to betray,  
Or lure from a desolate parent away,  
That dutiful child, and thy age's last stay !  
Old Soldier.

But may every true Briton, whose country is dear,  
Bestow a small boon, now the season is drear,  
The warm chimney-corner at Christmas to cheer ;  
Old Soldier.

Then the thought of the days of past glory shall  
spring,  
And wiping one tear from thy cheek thou shalt sing  
" Old England for ever, and God save the King."  
Old Soldier.



**TO MARY,**  
**ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF OUR WEDDING I**  
**BY MARTIN ARCHER SHEE, ESQ. R. A.**

---

OUR Wedding Day!—another stage,  
In full career, from Youth to Age,  
We've travell'd on together ;  
Yet still Affection cheers the road,  
And helps to lighten every load  
That Time has laid on either.

And though by many a jolt apprized,  
Life's ways are not Macadamized,  
Or smooth as Wealth could make them  
O'er ups and downs, unjaded still,  
We never felt the wish or will  
To shorten or forsake them.

Nor can we, Mary, justly say,  
Though neither quite so young or gay,  
As when cold Prudence spurning,  
We scamper'd forth for Pleasure's sake,  
And Fortune thought to overtake,  
Or meet at every turning.

Nor can we say we're much the worse  
For such a long and anxious course,  
With Care still at our heels ;  
And such a household troop around,  
As Hymen has too often found  
A drag upon his wheels.

'Tis true we rarely dance or sing,  
Or bound with that elastic spring,  
The steps of Youth discover ;  
But, had quadrilles not cut us out,  
Our dancing days, I make no doubt,  
We'd prove, were not yet over.

In times which Memory still enhances,  
Of good Scotch reels and country dances,  
On limb alert and supple,  
We tripp'd it gaily through the night,  
Nor thought it any great exploit,  
To dance down thirty couple.

But now, amidst a stately throng,  
The grave quadriller glides along,  
With far more airs than graces,  
Or unabash'd, while matrons stare,  
In giddy waltz, the breathless fair  
Her whirling beau embraces.

Thy figure still preserves its grace,  
And still that charm is in thy face,  
As strong as first I found it ;  
The smile with sense and sweetness fraught,  
Which breaks though every cloud of thought,  
And spreads a sunshine round it.

Our bloom indeed is gone, and you  
Must own this more than mellow hue  
Supplies its place but badly :  
The crow's-feet too about the eyes,  
Increase of late to such a size,  
They pucker there most sadly.

Some wrinkles too, we must allow,  
Have mark'd the tablet of the brow,  
And though they are but slight there,  
They shew his hieroglyphic hand,  
And make us fully understand,  
Old Time begins to write there.

Already he has clear'd the page,  
And stamp'd some characters of age,  
So plain that you may trace them ;  
He has thinn'd my locks, and turn'd to gray  
The few remaining ;—so I say  
A wig must soon replace them.

Some gentle hints too we've received,  
That years (if hints may be believed)  
In other points have press'd us ;  
Our beds seem harder than they were,  
And often " trifles light as air"  
Can ruffle and molest us.

---

At dinner we grow nice, and think  
Much more of what we eat and drink,  
Than we were wont, when able  
To feast on every kind of food  
Which that great artist, Eustache Ude,  
Could put upon the table.

Of late too, quite in love with home,  
We seldom feel disposed to roam,  
The fire-side seems so cosy ;  
But, when I fain would read at night,  
The candles give such wretched light,  
I'm sometimes rather dozey.

The print's indeed, so bad in all  
Their books—the type's so very small—  
'Tis quite enough to vex one !  
The newspaper, I'm sure, supplies  
A task to try the best of eyes,  
Without a pair of *specs* on.

But not in us alone the change ;  
Through life and manners as we range,  
The world around keeps moving :  
Follies increase upon my word !  
And fashions now are so absurd,  
There's nothing that's improving.

Look to the Senate, Bar, or Stage,  
And say, does aught in this dull age  
Our early days resemble,  
When Pitt and Fox were each a star,  
When Erskine flourish'd at the bar,  
And Siddons play'd with Kemble ?

The very seasons are no more  
The seasons that they were before,  
When you and I first knew them ;  
Our Summers now are short and cold,  
Our Winters so severe, the old  
Can hardly struggle through them.

Yet still no changes can destroy  
Our pleasures, while we thus enjoy  
The circle that's around us ;  
While in our children thus we find  
More comforts than we've left behind,  
Since Hymen's knot first bound us.

Nor let us gloom the little space  
We've yet to run, though in the race,  
We feel that Life is wasting ;  
Our lot we still have cause to bless,  
Since, as our cares, our hearts confess,  
Our love is quite as lasting.

## MY NATIVE VILLAGE.

WRITTEN ON REVISITING IT AFTER A LONG  
ABSENCE.

BY N. T. CARRINGTON, ESQ.

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TOUCH'D by the sun-light of the evening hour,  
The elm still rises near thy aged tower,  
Dear, pensive Harewood ; and in that rich ray,  
E'en thy old, lichen'd battlements seem gay,  
Through the bow'd windows streams the golden glow,  
The beam is sleeping on the tombs below ;  
While with its million flowers yon hedge-row fair  
Girts with green zone thy lowly house of prayer.  
No breeze plays with the amber leafage now,  
Still is the cypress, still the ivy bough ;  
And but for that fleet bird that darts around  
Thy spire, or glancing o'er the hallow'd ground,  
Twitters for very joy : how strange and deep  
The silence where the lost, the lov'd ones sleep !  
Beside—there is nor lay, nor voice, nor breath,  
A happy living thing where all around is death !

Dear, pensive Harewood, let no wanton feet  
Profane the stillness of thy blest retreat ;  
For here dove-ey'd affection seeks relief,  
And tastes, unmark'd, the luxury of grief.  
How sweet to view where on those hillocks green,  
The sacred hand of piety\* has been !  
The summer winds breathe fragrance as they pass,  
Rich hues are mingled with the pleasant grass ;  
There the meek daisy lifts its lowly head,  
The lily droops above the honour'd dead ;  
Around the violet flings its rich perfume,  
And roses, earliest roses, bud and bloom ;  
The woodbine clasps the monumental urn,  
And oft when Friendship hither hastes to mourn,  
She hears the wild bee hum—the wild bird sing,  
And all the touching melodies of Spring ;  
While one, clear, silv'ry rill that strays along  
Chaunts in her ear its pure, sweet under-song.

\* The beautiful custom of planting flowers on the graves of the departed, yet lingers in some parts of Wales and of Devon. In Glamorganshire they plant to this day the white rose, emblem of Love and Chastity, upon the virgin's grave.

The hand that lifts the dibble shakes with fear,  
Lest haply it disturb the friend below.

Is it not perfectly touching and beautiful to mark where the hand of piety has been engaged in this delightful office ? At Barnes, near Richmond, in Surrey, an annual sum is paid to a poor man who guards a rose-tree which is planted on a grave.

So should the dead be honour'd, so should be  
Their last, dear resting place by brook and tree ;  
So should Affection sprinkle round the tomb  
As Spring awakes, the loveliest flowers that bloom.  
Sun, shower, and breeze, should quicken, cherish,  
here,  
The freshest, fairest verdure of the year ;  
The elm, with leaf untouched, with bough unriv'n,  
Lift his majestic trunk, and rise to heav'n ;  
The oak, of nameless age, should proudly wave  
His hundred, hoary arms above the grave ;  
While birds of plaintive voice should through the grove  
Pour the heart-soothing lay of Pity and of Love.

And still the village fane its tower uprears,  
Safe from the tempests of a thousand years ;  
Still in their ancient strength those walls arise,  
And brave the rudest shocks of wintry skies.  
The massive door is open, let me trace  
With reverential foot the solemn place :  
Ah, let me enter, once again, the pew  
Where the child nodded as the sermon grew ;  
Scene of soft slumbers ! I remember now  
The chiding finger, and the frowning brow,  
Of stern reprovers, when the lusty June  
Flung through the glowing aisles the drowsy noon ;  
And, scar'd in vain, oblivion long and deep  
Shut the tir'd eye, at last, in conq'ring sleep ;



Till, clos'd the learn'd harangue, with solemn look  
Arose the chaunter of the sacred book—  
The parish clerk, death silenc'd, far-fam'd then  
And justly, for his long and loud "Amen."  
Clear was his tone, and his exulting eye  
Glanc'd to the ready choir, enthron'd on high,  
Nor glanc'd in vain : the simple-hearted throng  
Lifted their voices, and dissolv'd in song ;  
Till in one tide deep rolling, full and free,  
Rang through the echoing pile—old England's psal-  
mody.

See, halfway down the vale whose vagrant stream  
Rolls those bright waters, oft the poet's theme ;  
True to the call of his own village bells,  
Sweet call to him, the village pastor dwells.  
Shepherd of Harewood, peace has bless'd thy days,  
A calm, half century of prayer and praise,  
And though the snows of Time are on thy head,  
Yet is thy step not weak—thy vigour fled ;  
Not yet those snows that on thy temples lie  
Have dimm'd the fires which sparkle in thine eye ;  
Sweet flow the strains of that unbroken voice  
Which bids the sinner fear, the saint rejoice :  
How oft to wake the unrepentant, falls  
The burst of eloquence around these walls !  
Still, thronging deep the list'ning crowd admire,  
That eye of lightning and that lip of fire ;

Hang on the cheering truths that richly flow,  
Warm with the theme, and share the holy glow;  
List thy love-breathing voice at morn and even,  
And wake the hymn that lifts the soul to heav'n.

My native village ! thou hast still the power  
To charm me, as in boyhood's raptur'd hour.  
Years have roll'd on—chance, change have pass'd  
o'er me,

Since last I gamboll'd on thy flowery lea ;  
And there thou art—each scene so known, so true,  
The very picture which my Memory drew !  
Ah, Harewood, early doom'd from thee to roam,  
Fair was that sketch which Fancy form'd of Home !  
Care, absence, distance, as to thee I turn'd,  
But fed the local fire which inly burn'd ;  
And Hope oft whisper'd that, all perils past,  
In thy dear valley I should rest at last.

Whence is this wond'rous sympathy that draws  
Our souls to HOME by its mysterious laws  
Where'er we wander, and with stronger love  
Sways the touched heart more distant as we rove ?  
Ask of the soldier, who in climes afar  
Stands undismay'd amid the ranks of war ;  
Who with unfaltering foot where thousands fall,  
Advancing, gives his bosom to the ball ;

## NAVARINO.

BY COMMANDER CHARLES HUTCHINSON, R. N.

---

By the Christian o'er the Turk  
Sing the glorious victory won,  
When in Greece his bloody work  
Again the Moslem had begun.

Deep in Navarino's bay  
His imperial fleet was moored,  
Ranged in battle-like array,  
With his bravest hands on board.

But the Christian ships without,  
Heard the shrieks from Hellas' shore,  
And, responding with a shout,  
Exclaim'd, " Greece shall bleed no more !"

O'er the waves, with eagle speed,  
On their glorious way they go,  
And the British boldly lead  
France and Russia to the foe.

" Now, ye bloody tyrants, hold !  
Or we smite," the Christians cried ;—  
But the Moslem, proud and bold,  
With his guns alone replied.

Then a cheer of joy sublime  
From the Christian line arose,  
While their ships in dreadful chime  
Poured their broadsides on the foes.

Every shot they deal is death  
To those sons of tyranny,  
And their guns with fiery breath  
Shout in thunder " Liberty !"

Fall the Turkish masts in wrecks,  
And their yards on every side,  
While the blood from off their decks  
Pours in torrents on the tide.

Deep around them in that strife  
Reddened ocean more and more,  
Till their ships, like things of life,  
Seemed to welter in their gore.

But though carnage filled his deck,  
Not a Turk to yield would deign,  
Till his ship was all a wreck,  
And till half his crew were slain.

Even then, their foes defying,  
Some still fought with brave devotion,  
And, with colours proudly flying,  
Sunk, contending in the ocean.

Others, armed with fiercer hate,  
Seiz'd a match in bold despair,  
And, as if defying fate,  
Blew their vessels in the air!

What a glorious fleet at morn  
Had the Moslem there beheld !  
When his heart, with Pharaoh's scorn,  
Had the Christian threats repelled.

But the Christian ships, though few,  
Bravely took their daring post ;  
And ere set of sun o'erthrew  
All his fleet, like Pharaoh's host !

Hail, ye gallant Hearts of Oak !  
Who but conquered there to save,  
And, at one indignant stroke,  
Crushed the tyrant, freed the slave !

All the nations of the world  
Shall your brows with laurel bind,  
For your flags in Greece unfurled,  
Fought the cause of all mankind.

Now with pride shall England tell  
Of the glory of her son,  
Who so boldly, and so well,  
Led those lion-spirits on !

Yes, brave CODRINGTON, in thee  
England boasts another name,  
O'er her empire of the sea,  
To revive her NELSON's fame.

But full many on that day,  
Who had hoped to share its glory,  
Bravely fell amid the fray,  
And sunk wrapp'd in garments gory.

Now, full many a fathom deep,  
They repose beneath the wave ;  
But we triumph,—for their sleep  
Is the slumber of the brave !

Noble BATHURST, in that strife  
Thy sad fate our tears might claim ;  
But thy name, though lost to life,  
Yet shall live with England's fame !

Greece—thou earthly Paradise  
Of the immortal mind ;  
In each nobler art we prize,  
First instructress of mankind ;—

Greece—where Genius first was wed  
To his lovely consort, Taste,  
And their beams new lustre shed  
O'er the mind's neglected waste ;

Greece—whose Heroes and whose Sages,  
Save of those inspir'd by heaven,  
Have, to all succeeding ages,  
The sublimest lessons given ;

Greece—thou lovely fairy-land  
Of our first and latest dreams,  
Whence, of all that's bright, or grand,  
We derive our noblest themes ;

What we owe, fair Greece, to thee,  
By our gratitude is seen ;  
We have fought, and thou art free !  
Be again what thou hast been !

## THE FAMILY PICTURES.

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Come like shadows—so depart!

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CONSIDERATIONS of health induced me, during the summer of 1826, to take up my residence for a few weeks near a mineral spring in the county of Durham. On my arrival at the little village of Middleton, in the vicinity of which the well is situated, I found it crowded with visitants, and was compelled to avail myself of such accommodation as a sort of farm-house, about a mile distant from the Spa, could afford. It was a pretensionless dwelling, standing alone in the midst of meadows, and cut off, excepting by a foot-path, from even the few conveniences of the neighbouring village; nor did it at the time of my residence possess any internal resources to render it independent of supplies from without. Whatever it might be in winter, it was in summer a bare lodging-house, producing not even cream, nor any thing in short excepting a few eggs, which a stray hen or two, that scarcely seemed at home, condescended at times to lay for my especial accommodation. At the risk of appearing tedious I must describe my exterior, only



premising that our mansion was flanked by a low stone wall, over which the inmates were obliged to clamber by the aid of stepping-stones placed on each side. As a single man two rooms sufficed for my wants. Of my chamber I shall merely say that it was clean and airy; my sitting apartment will claim a more detailed account. I had four chairs of two patterns, all undoubted antiques; an old card-table which answered to every purpose for which a table could be required; a hearth-rug, placed before the window instead of the fire-place; and a hand-bell ~~which~~ with which to summon the attendance of a labourer's wife who lived in the house, and, in the technical phrase, "did for me," as far as five squalling brats would permit. But it is with the ornamental, rather than the necessary, furniture of my *salle á manger* that my immediate business lies. On my walls of yellow ochre, or some such composition, hung two FAMILY PICTURES of considerable size, in massive gilt frames, or which had once been gilded, forming a singular contrast to the other appurtenances of the room. Many an hour did I sit, and gaze, and wonder "how the devil they got there," for that they were not denizens of the mansion was obvious at a glance. The larger of the two was a three-quarter portrait of a lady, seemingly "un peu passe," if I might be allowed to judge from a sort of double chin which the painter had given her; not that she looked of that opinion herself, as a

remarkable complacency sate on every feature, and I could fancy that I discovered self-conceit peeping out at the corner of each eye. Her dress was of green velvet, and in form what I suppose might have been termed in the fashion of those times a *sacque* or *negligèe*, for its hanging somewhat loosely about her, and discovering much more of the bosom than the delicacy of modern times would sanction. Ample ruffles, decorated, I can scarcely say confined, by bracelets, depended from each sleeve, and in her hand she held a sprig of jasmine, whether as an emblem of her "sweeter self" I will not pretend to determine. The picture was a good picture both as to colouring and composition, excepting that the painter had with "force of arms and malice prepense" lugged a lock of hair from its proper place at the back of the head, to fall clumsily over the bosom, but overlooking the affectation, which might perhaps be more fairly attributed to the vanity of the lady than the false taste of the artist, and vain, aye, and proud, she was, or her features strangely belied her, the picture, as I have already said, was a good one. The other painting, a half-length only, was also the portrait of a lady, bearing a considerable resemblance to the first. I fancied it might be her daughter. There was much less pretension about it altogether, though here also a wicked lock had been pressed into a foreign service. The eye was softer, the features more composed, and

there was a sort of prim smile about the mouth that seemed to indicate the wearer to have been, one who found it needful to dress her face in smiles. Such were the pictures that made me busy in conjecture. That they had "fallen from their high estate" was evident, not merely from the place in which I found them, but from the circumstance of an accidental rent in the large painting, which had been repaired by long stitches of white thread, producing a most whimsical effect. I longed to ascertain the history of these portraits: I almost imagined one for them. All the really "authentic" information that I could obtain however amounted to no more than that they had been brought from K—— Hall, in the adjoining county of York, but the how, when, and wherefore, remained "a marvel and a mystery."

On these pictures, but more particularly on the larger of the two, I used to sit and gaze in the luxury of idleness, till, as I before observed, fancy almost imagined a history for the silent being on whom I looked, and whose eye, in whatever position I sat, seemed always fixed on me. One evening in particular that we were as usual stedfastly regarding each other by the dim light of a solitary candle, I fell into that kind of waking dream so eloquently described by Mr. Coleridge, every thing around me remaining seemingly unaltered, and I myself wholly unconscious of any change in my own person. - On a sudden

—start not, gentle reader—the lady nodded at me! I rubbed my eyes, not surely without cause. “Do not be alarmed,” said she, with a gracious smile, “you have nothing to fear from me.” I was in too much confusion to reply excepting by a bow. “Your thoughts,” continued she, “are not unknown to me, and however painful it may be (looking round her with an air of scorn) to compare my present situation with my former rank and dignity, I am too sensible of the compliment you pay me by your attention, and I fancy I might add (drawing herself up) something more, to withhold from you any longer that information of which you are so desirous. You have already been told from whence I was translated hither. Yes! (with a sigh) I was the mistress of that once noble mansion, the absolute and uncontrolled mistress, for my husband at his death, having unlimited confidence in my judgment and discretion, left the whole of his immense property at my entire disposal. He died when I was yet young. It was not many years after this portrait was taken.—(Here I involuntarily smiled.) —It is true, (said the lady, with a degree of asperity which proved my smile had not passed unnoticed,) it is true I was somewhat *en bon point* even then, which gave me a false appearance of age that perhaps misled the painter, who was actuated also by a foolish desire to produce what he called a faithful likeness.

But enough of this. I was left with two children, a son and a daughter; Mellicint, who was named after me, but, alas, resembled me only in name, was at that time about nineteen, and my son Giles, our's were all family names, in his seventeenth year. Oh, what a noble youth was he! Proud of his illustrious descent, as well he might, yet not too proud, as many enviously asserted, and resolute, even at that age to preserve unsullied the blood of a race which had flowed through so many generations without a stain, he seemed to realize the very creation of my fancy, for I too was a member of the family by descent as well as marriage. His education, I must admit, had been somewhat neglected, and a public school was recommended; but I could not bear to part with one so dear, nor indeed was I willing that he should mix on equal terms with youths who perhaps knew not the names of their grandfathers; and the distance at which he held all menials and dependants left me no fears of contamination from a domestic education. I engaged as his tutor a young man of excellent family, but who, from the misconduct of his father, was compelled to look for his support to the exertion of his talents, which, much as I have reason to deplore my choice, I must own were very great. Giles certainly improved under his tuition, but I know not why, unless that my son required greater homage than Robert

Arden was inclined to pay, there was little cordiality between them. Mr. Arden and I also differed on many essential points. He would fain have taken charge of the body as well as the mind of his pupil; but this of course I could not permit. Giles was always delicate, and the routine of exercise that Arden advised, nay, strongly enforced on me, would but have accelerated an event which clouded all my prospects, and eventually reduced me (looking round with a frown) to this state of unparalleled degradation. Let me not dwell on my misfortunes: he sickened and died; and with him expired all the hopes, the well-founded hopes, of long and anxious years. I loved him, not merely as a mother, but with a love surpassing maternal affection. I loved, I gloried in him, as the last scion of a noble stock, as the destined preserver of my name and family, as the being who by an alliance which I had already negotiated, was to add to the lustre of that family by engrafting on it another title less ancient, but with possessions which would have rendered him beyond all question the most powerful and influential commoner in the county: more I desired not. I would not for worlds have merged the family name in a peerage! All this, and it was not a vain hope, but already within my grasp, was by his death irrevocably lost. A lethargy of grief, of despair, succeeded, from which I was only roused on being reminded by Mr. Arden

that I had yet a child. A child ! yes, but that child was a daughter, you see her in that picture, a mean, perverse, undutiful, and with that sweet smile too : but I anticipate. If I had a foible it was, as you may perhaps have observed, family pride. I do not indeed admit it to have been a foible in my case, but the world has said so, and it is too late to contest a point of which however I cannot repent. The remark of Arden turned my thoughts into a new channel. I had hitherto, it must be owned, bestowed little care on Mellicint, committing her entirely to the care of a governess, who, I have since discovered, thought still less about her. If this woman had done her duty, she would have known and informed me of an attachment which had gradually grown up between Mellicint and the tutor of her brother, that very Arden who was now so anxious to recal my daughter to my remembrance. Once, indeed, I had a casual suspicion that something of this kind was on foot, but being indifferent at that time about Mellicint, and knowing Arden to be of a good family, and of course, as I believed, incapable of acting dishonourably, I thought no more about the matter. But now the case was altered, and as any scheme for the preservation or aggrandizement of my family must henceforth centre in my daughter, I roused myself to look abroad for a fitting alliance for Mellicint ; that is to

say, one where the rank or fortune of the gentleman might not be so considerable as to stand in the way of his taking the family name, which of course, under present circumstances, was a *sine qua non*. It was then that I discovered this secret affection between her and Arden. My resentment was as unbounded as just. I required from each a renunciation of all intercourse for the future. I required in vain. Arden indeed professed himself ready to make any sacrifice that might be necessary to the peace and happiness of Mellicint, but she, all smiling and obedient as she looks, listened to my commands with submissive attention, and thwarted me only by never obeying them in one tittle. I have often wondered that our legislature has never invested parents with the right of compelling the inclinations of their children, where family honour is concerned. In this case it would have saved not merely a noble house from degradation, but much consequent misery and suffering to the parties themselves. In mere despair of being able to accomplish my own wishes, I began vaguely to contemplate the possibility of yielding to theirs, with one reservation of course; and I went even so far on one occasion as to sound young Arden on this topic, a step which I shall never cease to lament. You can scarcely conceive my astonishment when instead of the ardour and delight which I had anticipated, he listened to



my proposition with evident embarrassment, and at length gave it a flat denial! I was so amazed and confounded that I could scarcely find breath to demand an explanation. 'Madam,' said he, 'for I cannot now I think mistake your meaning, and the best return I can make is to be explicit. My name is the only possession that my late father bequeathed me, and little as may be its intrinsic value, I cannot, I dare not relinquish it, even for one whom I value more than life.' 'There is one thing more,' I exclaimed with affected calmness, 'which your father has bequeathed to you—his infatuation; but do not imagine I shall ever permit my family name to be lost in one which its late possessor so deeply dishonoured.' 'This is too much,' he cried, reddening with resentment; 'an attack on myself, Madam, I could have borne, but to hear my father thus aspersed'—'Aspersed!' I repeated scornfully. 'Yes,' replied he solemnly; 'that he was unfortunate—imprudent—I cannot deny, but that in him the family name was either sullied or dishonoured I most unequivocally declare to be unjust and untrue!' 'It is enough,' I exclaimed, 'I am not accustomed to be insulted in my own house; and you will excuse my saying that from this hour its doors must be closed against you.' He answered not, excepting by a very low, and, as I thought, sarcastic bow, and immediately departed.

“ I of course expected that so decisive a step would have led to some explanation also with Mellincint, but in this I was deceived. That she was informed of what had passed I could not doubt, yet neither look nor action imported that she knew any thing of the matter. I was at a loss how to proceed with her for this reason, but at length determined on telling her that I had resolved to yield to her inclinations, had not the obstinacy of Arden in refusing to take the family name, a point which I persuaded myself she would insist on equally with myself—though I knew all the while that she cared not a pipkin for name or family—entirely frustrated my designs in his favour, and induced me to turn my thoughts to her cousin Richard, in whose case no change of name would be requisite. She looked surprized at this intimation, for which she was probably unprepared, but offered no opposition ; and as I did not wish to engage in any unnecessary dispute with her, I pressed the subject no further at that time. I merely contented myself with writing to this nephew Richard, who I doubted not would hear with delight of his restoration to favour, forfeited some years before by some light reflections on the family name, which probably at that time, seeing no prospect of inheriting its possessions, he valued but little.

“ It was the custom for our letters to be depo-

sited over-night in a box in the entrance hall, from whence they were taken the next morning by the servant employed to convey them to the post town. I had dropped mine in the box as usual, and passed on to my chamber, when recollecting that I had left my spectacles on the library table, (my eyes were always weak, which obliged me to use glasses of a peculiar kind) I returned in quest of them, when opening the door which led to the hall, I observed a female escaping in alarm by an opposite door. It immediately occurred to me that Mellicint, divining my intention, had been to examine the letter-box, and might possibly have abstracted the epistle in question, but on examination I found it was still there. I determined therefore to take no notice to her of what I had seen, but to keep a stricter watch on her actions than I had hitherto deemed necessary. My watch however was of short continuance, for on the second morning after this occurrence Mellicint was missing at the breakfast-table; and though I traced and pursued her with all the speed that gold could command, she had become the wife of Arden ere I could overtake the fugitives. I met them at Carlisle on their return. They fell at my feet, but spoke not. I turned disdainfully from them, and without uttering a word re-entered my carriage and returned home. In the heat of my resentment I sent off an express for my

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nephew Richard, whom I adopted immediately as my heir, resisting all solicitations on behalf of my offending child, whose name I forbade ever to be mentioned in my presence, a command which her cousin Richard most religiously obeyed. This young man, raised from a state of comparative obscurity to an heritage of great wealth and dignity, never, in appearance at least, forgot the hand to which he owed his elevation. My slightest wish seemed to him a law, and by his arts and insinuations he at length obtained so great an influence over me, that even during my life he was the real disposer of my actions. That I was in fact kept in a state of absolute tutelage I now but too well know. Thus nearly two years passed away, when one night—I well remember I was sitting in the library with my feet on the fender, as you may be now; but it was a different night from this, being in the month of December, with a heavy snow drifting against the windows; that night—alas! it is still too fresh in my memory—I heard a loud noise in the hall, as of some one attempting to force an entrance whom the servants were endeavouring to exclude: Richard was absent on a visit; the library door was half opened and again closed, when in a sort of vague terror I screamed aloud; but immediately recollecting myself, for I was never deficient in personal courage, I arose, and opening the door, demanded the cause of the tumult. Oh, what

a sight I there beheld ! My own, my only Mellicint, lying extended on the floor, pale, less, and apparently dying ! ' Who has done this ? ' I exclaimed, scarcely knowing what I said. ' I had orders,' cried one of the footmen, hastily proceeding when the butler, one of Richard's recommending, turning fiercely on him, commanded him to raise the unhappy woman, while he explained to me that my nephew, anxious to spare the importunities of casual applicants for alms, had given express directions, that in his absence he should use his own discretion in relieving the suffering ; and that this poor woman was ' Poor woman ! ' I exclaimed fiercely—' my daughter ! ' The butler looked embarrassed. ' I knew not,' said he, ' she gave her name Arden ! the name struck like a dagger to my heart. I coldly desired them to convey her to her chamber, and send for medical assistance without casting another look on my unfortunate child, I returned to the library. But I attempted in vain to recover my composure. The poor Mellicint, pale and attenuated by sickness and sorrow, still hovered before my eyes, and, unable and irresolute how to act, I returned to my room. From my attendant I learned that this strange woman, as she called her, had been lying in bed, and a surgeon sent for, as my goodness

had desired, otherwise she doubted not that by morning the creature would have been able to pursue her journey home. Home, thought I, alas! ought not this to be her home? But I revolted at the thought of taking to my bosom one who had so deeply outraged my dearest feelings, and abused my confidence. Alas! no—I could not accuse her of that. Besides, what would Richard say? for Richard's opinion and approval also were now become matters of high consideration with me. At all events, it could not be necessary to take any further steps that night, and in the morning I might consult with him on the subject. I therefore dismissed my attendant, and addressed myself to sleep, but it was long ere sleep obeyed the call; and when at last it came, it brought a train of frightful images that encompassed me with horror. How long I had endured these terrors of the imagination I know not; but in the dead of night I was awakened by a cry, so piercing, that even now it seems to ring on my ear. I hastily rang my bell; my servant appeared with dismay in her looks. 'What has happened,' I cried, 'tell me instantly!' She trembled. 'The woman who came last night.' I arose and flung a wrapper round me. 'Let me see her instantly!' She hesitated; but not daring to disobey, led the way to a servant's apartment, where, on a common field bedstead, lay my poor Mellicint in the

agonies of death. Cold, hunger, I know not what of suffering, tracked her to her native home; and there—oh! that I could forget the cold neglect and indifference that awaited her,—there, whatever was the cause—and let me not think that my conduct contributed to it—she was seized in the night with the pangs of premature labour, and expired before my eyes in giving birth to a dead son. Oh Heaven can I ever forget the look that she fixed on me even in the pangs of death, a look of reproach, of pity, of awe, even of forgiveness! Amazed, bewildered, stood like one stupified; and it was not till her limbs were extended in death that I could believe in the reality of the scene before me, or think on what I ought to have done, or that which remained to do. And what was that! the child was no more! Arden! They pointed to her black garment! He also then was dead! To consign the lifeless remains to the family vault with a pomp and magnificence, the cost of which might have preserved the existence of a daughter, was now left to a suffering mother.

“I never loved my daughter as I had loved Giles; and although the manner of her death shocked me for a time, yet as the impression gradually faded from my memory, I grew reconciled to an event which, so far as my ruling passion was concerned, was of little importance; my hopes, my affection

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now centred wholly in my nephew Richard, who, however ungenerously or unjustly he might have acted towards his late cousin, had contrived to efface from my mind any suspicion of misconduct. My attention was now again directed to a suitable alliance for him, on which subject while he affected to enter into all my views, he insensibly led me into his. Rank, in fact, was with him a matter of little or no moment; wealth was the only god of his idolatry, and in proportion as the object selected possessed the shining ore or broad lands, was his pursuit ardent or spiritless. In the midst of this negotiation, and in the prime of life, I was attacked by an inflammatory complaint, and died. 'I started involuntarily.' 'Yes,' continued she with a smile, 'I died. Did you imagine the form that addressed you was ought but the shadow of a shade? Alas! none other could be permitted to see what I have seen;—and, oh, could we know in life what would happen after death, I mean in this world, not in the next,' exclaimed she, hastily observing that I again started; 'but it is better as it is! I died in a bed, the hangings of which were of rich silk damask, and the counterpane of costly brocade. My woman, who had officiously acted as a nurse, stood near me in attendance; and Richard knelt at my bedside, weeping, or pretending to weep, as he listened to my directions respecting my interment; yet at times



as the handkerchief slipped aside from his face I thought I could discern a look of exultation strangely at variance with his loud expression of grief. I had scarcely expired when I heard him start up and exclaim, throwing his handkerchief from him, 'the farce is ended, let the curtain fall.' This sally was received with a loud laugh, and the lord of the mansion seizing my hand, already damp with the clammy dews of death, to imprint as I thought a loving kiss thereon, rifled it with unfeeling brutality of the diamond rings which I usually wore. Those rings, never hitherto profaned by an unchaste or ignoble touch, were now forced on the clumsy fingers of a wanton, who had long been the secret paramour of Richard, whence, however, they were soon removed by him; but I blush to think from no worthier feeling than that of avarice. You may think it strange that I should know all this—alas, the consciousness of all that passed still remained, at once my privilege and my punishment. The attention of my worthy heir was next directed to an escritoire which stood in the apartment, and contained not only property of great value, but all my private papers, among which was a document he was most eager to examine—my will! It was soon found, and confirmed his most sanguine hopes. It had, however, been my last, aye, even my dying request to him, that this escritoire might not be opened till after my interment,

and then by himself alone ; and that all papers contained therein, except of course my will which I had told him would be found there, might be destroyed unread. What then was my astonishment, my indignation, to behold him invading this private sanctuary before even my remains were cold, and that, not merely with a companion, but accompanied by one whom, had it been possible for me to rise from my death-bed, I should have felled to the earth with rage. Oh what tortures I suffered in that hour ! His anxiety respecting the succession being removed, the valuables of course first attracted his notice ; but when these had been examined and secured, for he seemed to keep the lady so far at a wholesome distance, my private depositories became the object of scrutiny, and my papers, my most secret papers, were dragged forth, read, and ridiculed ! One packet I still hoped might have escaped their search. It was a bundle of love-letters which I had foolishly preserved. Alas ! no—they were seized by that incarnate fiend ! I tremble with indignation while I recal her audacious laugh as she read the unfortunate superscription—‘ my love-letters.’ ‘ My love-letters ! oh, rare, and such a lot too ! shall we read them ?’ ‘ What all that heap of rubbish !’ This was my graceless kinsman. ‘ No, no, two or three if you like just to see how they made love in those days, and to my stately aunty too.’ ‘ Pretty

much the same as now, I dare swear, state thought herself,' said the creature, boldly—'goes.' Oh, heavens, what a situation ! to ! own love-letters read, or rather blundered at an ignorant wretch, incapable of comprehending tenderness, the delicacy, which ran through of the compositions, or the timid devotion pervaded all. But sublime, or silly, they were received with shouts of laughter. The writer trophezied as fools, prigs, hunkses, and I know what other terms of opprobrium ; and the unhappy person to whom they were addressed—without patience to repeat the vile epithets bestowed on my degraded self. Suffice it to say, I discovered from their conversation, that by the consent of my nephew, my unfortunate daughter had been prevented from approaching me till the period of her dissolution ; and—but this shows more than all—that Arden still lived on board a trading vessel in which he had gone out as clerk ; nay more, that a son, the first offspring of that ill-fated marriage, also survived his unfortunate mother, and that he, my natural heir, was spared every evil that poverty could inflict under the name of a kind but needy relative. Oh happy creature who remained in ignorance of ills which I had no power to remove ! My consciousness was my torment.

I shall pass lightly over the many indignities to which my unfortunate remains were exposed before my final committal to the tomb. It had always been customary for the members of the family to lie in state, my husband and my poor Giles under my own especial direction. It was even named to my worthy heir, but received by him with unfeeling derision. 'Lie in state, indeed!—a pretty waste of wax-lights and black cloth truly!—no, no, I know how to dispose of aunty's money better than that.' From the same parsimonious feeling he declined the offers of the neighbouring gentry to send their carriages, that he might not be obliged to give hatbands to the servants. In short no member of our family for many generations was ever carried to the grave in so mean a manner as I, from whom the chief mourner (a chief rejoicer I ought rather to say) derived the power of disgracing my remains. The funeral should have been by torch-light, but this he said savoured of papistry. It savoured of increased expence which was the true motive, for as to posterity he would have kissed the Pope's toe, if he could have got anything by it; but I was buried, and there is an end of it.

"After the funeral, but I should tell you that my consciousness was now transferred to the picture, which hung in the great drawing-room; after the funeral he began to turn his thoughts to the further

accumulation of wealth, however useless to one who had not a heart either to spend or give. His first project was, I blush to avow his profanation of every sacred feeling, to divide the family estate into farms, to fell the timber, dismantle the house, and put up the furniture and pictures to sell by public auction. His paramour, I should tell you, turning saucy on his hands was soon dismissed. His next consideration was to marry a rich wife. Both these desires he speedily accomplished. The territorial possessions of an ancient and honorable family were degraded to the purposes of agriculture, the trees disappeared, the family mansion was sold piecemeal, the furniture scattered to various purchasers, and the pictures, the family pictures, aye even the portrait of his benefactress, exposed to the public bidder without a feeling of shame or regret. Then was my character recalled and commented on, with a malignity and contempt which unless I had witnessed, I should have believed impossible! I, who had thought myself the object of universal awe and reverence, to find my pretensions ridiculed, my conduct reprov'd, my person, treated with scorn and derision! And then the biddings: 'half a crown,' a pause, 'three shillings,' 'three and sixpence,' and so on to five shillings, when there was a dead stand! Five shillings for a portrait which had cost without the frame two hundred guineas! If this

was not degradation, but I will not debase myself by useless complaint. A dead pause as I have said ensued, when it was proposed by the auctioneer to include the picture of my daughter in the lot. A new bidder then started, it was Arden! The very man whom I had abandoned was my destined rescuer from the vulgar grasp of a village tailor, who was his only competitor. The contest, such as it was, soon ended, and Arden carried off his prize to this very house, where he had sought an asylum for the recovery of his health, which had suffered severely from the effects of a pernicious climate, and I grieve to think from the fatal tidings that awaited him on his return. If any thing could have added to the torment I already experienced it would have been to look on him and his innocent child, and to reflect how soon the latter would be fatherless, for Arden was evidently in the last stage of a decline. How often have I heard him apostrophise his departed Mellicent, and execrate the cruelty of those who abandoned her to destitution and death! How often have I seen him weep over that beloved boy whom he was so soon to leave, and kneel to ask that protection for the orphan which heaven alone could give. Arden lingered a few months and died, but a lady who had accidentally seen the child, and become attached to him from his likeness to an only

and beloved son prematurely snatched from her love, had already with the joyful consent of his parent adopted him as her own, and thus smoothed the passage of a mourner to the tomb. That boy is now the happy father of a family, beloved and respected by all; his claims to respect as the lineal descendant of an ancient and illustrious house are unknown, and indeed his name is an effectual bar. Were I even living I could scarcely bring myself to acknowledge him on that account. 'How,' exclaimed I, 'could you still prefer that unnatural kinsman, whose only merit is the preservation of the family name?' 'Ah!' she returned with a shriek, 'that is the unkindest cut of all!' Out upon him unnatural wretch! would you believe it? but you cannot; not content with despoiling the estate and demolishing the house, he consummated his infamy by selling himself to a great heiress in a distant county, an ugly creature too I am told, but prodigiously rich. He proposed for her and was accepted on one condition;—ah! that condition!—Her family it seems was ancient, and she was the last of her race; he must take the name! without one scruple, one demur, the wretch consented: he married the creature, or rather her dirty acres, and assumed her name!"

Rude as it was, at this climax of misfortune, I could not restrain my risibility. The eye of the

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lady seemed to flash fire, and methought a sort of hissing noise proceeded from her lips. Anxious to express my contrition by a low bow, I knocked my nose against the table, and suddenly awaking perceived that the last remnant of my candle was just expiring in the socket.



## LINES TO YOUTH.

BY THE REV. JOHN JONES.

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OH ! Youth, thou art a dream of bliss  
Too bright, too pure, to last !  
A trance, our gathering years dismiss !  
A vision, fading fast !

### II.

Yet, still to thee will memory cling,  
In sad and after years;  
A thought of thee will often fling  
Its splendour o'er our tears.

### III.

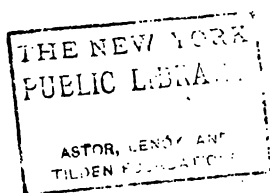
Hope, like a seraph cloth'd in light,  
Then revels unconfin'd ;  
And glories break upon the sight,  
And raptures fill the mind.

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THE HONORABLE CHARLES WILLIAM LAMBTON.

*Prints Collected by William Andrews (Academy Lane) Oct. 4. 1813*



IV.

And Love, the choicest gift we own,  
 Comes smiling from above ;  
 'Tis given, to youthful heart's alone,  
 To feel the force of Love.

V.

Then, Youth ! thou art a dream of bliss  
 Too bright, too pure, to last ;  
 A trance, our gathering years dismiss,  
 A vision, fading fast !

**" THERE WAS SILENCE IN HEAVEN."**

---

**CAN** angel-spirits need repose  
In the full sun-light of the sky ?  
**And**, can the veil of slumber close  
A cherub's bright and blazing eye ?

**Have** seraphim a weary brow,  
A fainting heart, an aching breast ?  
**No**, far too high their pulses flow,  
To languish with inglorious rest.

**How** could they sleep amid the bliss,  
The banquet of delight above ?  
**Or** bear for one short hour to miss  
The vision of the Lord they love ?

**Oh !** not the deathlike calm of sleep  
Could still the everlasting song :  
**No** fairy dream, or slumber deep  
Entrance the rapt and holy throng.

Yet, not the lightest tone was heard  
 From angel-voice or angel-hand ;  
 And not one plumed pinion stirr'd  
 Among the bow'd and blissful band :

For there was silence in the sky,  
 A joy not angel-tongues could tell,  
 As from its mystic fount on high,  
 The peace of God in stillness fell.

Oh ! what is silence here below ?  
 The quiet of conceal'd despair !  
 The pause of pain, the dream of woe,  
 It is the rest of rapture there.

And, to the wayworn pilgrim here,  
 More kindred seems that perfect peace,  
 Than the full chaunt of joy to hear  
 Roll on, and never, never cease.

From earthly agonies set free,  
 Tir'd with the path too slowly trod,  
 May such a silence welcome me  
 Into the palace of my God !

J.

## THE SLEEPERS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

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Sleep!—let thy mother's spirit bless her child,  
And let thy sisters, to the dreaming land,  
Greet thee with song!—each gentle voice be there  
Of early fondness—each familiar face—  
Only th' unkind be absent!

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Oh ! lightly, lightly tread !  
A holy thing is sleep,  
On the worn spirit shed,  
And eyes that wake to weep :

A holy thing from heaven,  
A gracious dewy cloud,  
A covering mantle, given  
The weary to enshroud.

Oh ! lightly, lightly tread !  
Revere the pale still brow,  
The meekly-drooping head,  
The long hairs willowy flow !

,

Ye know not what ye do,  
That call the slumberer back,  
From the world unseen by you,  
Unto Life's dim faded track.

Her soul is far away,  
In her childhood's land perchance,  
Where her young sister's play,  
Where shines her mother's glance.

Some old sweet native sound  
Her spirit haply weaves ;  
A harmony profound  
Of woods with all their leaves :

A murmur of the sea,  
A laughing tone of streams : —  
Long may her sojourn be  
In the music-land of dreams !

Each voice of love is there,  
Each gleam of beauty fled,  
Each lost one still more fair—  
Oh ! lightly, lightly tread !



**LINES, BY A FATHER.**

**BY SIR THOMAS ELMSLEY CROFT, BART.**

---

GRACE, thou darling of my heart,  
Sunk in sleep, how fair thou art !  
Though beneath its fringed lid,  
Each blue orb lies closely hid ;  
Still around thy lips there stray  
Smiles that speak of sportive play ;  
Happiness without alloy,  
Peace, and Innocence, and Joy.

Pillow'd on her rounded arm,  
Glowes the cheek with blushes warm ;  
While the little hand, that shows,  
Like some half-blown Provence rose,  
Parts the glossy curls, which throw  
Shadows on her ivory brow.  
Slumbering thus, how fair thou art,  
Grace, thou darling of my heart !

God ! whose all-pervading power  
Hurls the thunder, paints the flower,  
Heaves the deep-resounding seas,  
Summons forth the southern breeze  
Pours the fiery lava-stream,  
Sheds on earth the sunny beam,—  
Mighty Father ! keep my child,  
Holy, pure, and undefiled.

Holy, as thy courts on high,  
Pure as planets of the sky ;  
Undefiled, as Alpine snow,  
Guide her through this world of woe.

'Mid the ills of mortal life,  
Pride, Temptation, Wrath, and Strife  
On the path from youth to age,  
Guard her in her pilgrimage ;  
Till, from every trial free,  
Death shall summon her to thee.  
Then, O God ! receive my child,  
Holy, pure, and undefiled.

ON CHANTRY'S MONUMENT OF SLEEP-  
ING CHILDREN IN LITCHFIELD  
CATHEDRAL.

---

IF cherubs slumber, such is their repose,  
So motionless, so beautiful they lie ;  
While, o'er their forms, a softened splendour glows,  
And, round their couch, celestial breezes sigh.

And such the rest of Eve in Eden's bower,  
Her white brow beaming in the moonlight ray,  
Calm she reclined, as some night-closing flower,  
To rise more radiant at the break of day.

And such our sleep in happy childhood, ere  
Thought, like a giant from his rest, awoke  
To bind the bounding heart, and fasten there  
His iron fetters, and his heavy yoke.

Thus, as I gaz'd on that fair fashion'd child,  
Breathing the homage of the heart alone ;  
In dreams of early blessedness beguil'd,  
A silent captive at the sleeper's throne ;

Young Mother's came, confessing with a kiss,  
The babe the image of their first-born love;  
Or wept for one "more beautiful than this,"  
Gone, from its cradle, to its rest above.

Blithe children stopp'd their laugh, they would not  
rouse

The gentle baby from its slumber deep;  
While lofty eyes, and high unbending brows,  
Long'd for the silence of that dreamless sleep.

J.

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SONNET.

BY COMMANDER CHARLES HUTCPINSON, R. N.

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THE sky was softest azure, and the deep,  
Not oft so meek, scarce rippled to the breeze,  
When, gliding from her haven to the seas,  
A vessel newly launched sailed forth with pride;  
—God long the gallant ship in safety keep!—  
But soon the scene was changed, and darkness brought  
A storm, with terror and, with peril fraught,  
For that adventurous vessel on the tide,  
Her compass lost, at fearful random moving,  
She drove on wildly at the storm's behest,  
When bright in heaven a friendly star appearing,  
Gave light that guided to a port of rest.  
I was the ship on life's wild ocean driven,  
And thou, my Eda, the star of heaven!

## TO A FRIEND.

WHO SENT THE WRITER AN HEART'S-EASE.

---

THE flower you send,  
Beloved friend,  
More happy minds might please,  
But they who nursed  
And named it first,  
Have miscall'd it "Heart's-ease."

For the sweet sighs,  
And glowing dyes,  
Its velvet leaves disclose,  
To me have brought  
Full many a thought,  
Of joys now turn'd to woes.

Yes ! they have brought  
Full many a thought  
Back to my burning brain,  
Of joys now fled,  
And fond hopes, dead,  
Ne'er to revive again.

But had this flower  
The magic power  
Sad memory's fount to freeze,  
And o'er the past  
A veil to cast,  
'Twould be indeed Heart's-ease.

T. E. C.

## THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

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I WAS scarcely sixteen when I embarked for the first time in the B—— of eighty guns, and joined the fleet off Cadiz, under the command of Lord Nelson, in the early part of October, 1805. On the 19th of that month, the appearance of a ship under a press of sail, steering for the fleet, and firing guns, excited our attention, and every glass was eagerly pointed towards the stranger, in anticipation of the intelligence which the repeating ships soon announced, "that the enemy was getting under weigh." The signal was instantly made for a general chase, and in a few minutes all sail was set by the delighted crew. An instance of the quick observation of the admiral which now occurred, is deserving of notice. It was his lordship's custom to paint the masts of his ship yellow, and the hoops of the same colour; and as the black hoops were universal in the navies of France and Spain, he saw the advantage which might arise from the distinction; he therefore telegraphed to us and a few

a piece before night !” This confidence in our professional superiority which carries such terror to other nations, seemed expressed in every countenance ; and as if in confirmation of this soul-inspiring sentiment, the band of our consort was playing—“ Britons strike Home.” At half-past ten the Victory telegraphed—“ England expects that every man will do his duty.” As the emphatic injunction was communicated through the decks, it was received with enthusiastic cheers ; and each bosom glowed with ardour at this appeal to individual valour. About half-past eleven the Royal Sovereign fired three guns, which had the intended effect of inducing the enemy to hoist their colours, and shewed us the tricoloured flag intermixed with that of Spain. The drum now repeated its summons and the captain sent for the officers commanding the several quarters. “ Gentlemen,” said he, “ have only to say that I shall pass close under the stern of that ship ; put in two round shot, and the grape, and give her *that*. Now go to your quarters, and mind not to fire until each gun will bear with effect.” With this laconic instruction, the gallant little man posted himself on the slide of the foremost carronade, on the starboard side of the quarter-deck. At forty-five minutes past eleven a ship, a-head, opened her fire, and finding that her shot passed over the Sovereign, several other

did the same; and from the peculiar formation of this part of their line, as many as ten ships brought their broadsides to bear with powerful effect. The determined and resolute countenance of the weather-beaten sailor, here and there brightened by a smile of exultation, was well suited to the terrific appearance which they exhibited; some were stripped to the waist; some had bared their necks and arms; others had tied a handkerchief round their heads; and all seemed eagerly to await the order to engage. My two brother officers and myself were stationed, with about thirty men at small arms on the poop, on the front of which I was now standing. The shot began to pass over us, and gave us intimation of what we should in a few minutes undergo. An awful silence prevailed in the ship, only interrupted by the commanding voice of Captain H—. "Steady! starboard a little! Steady, so!" echoed by the master, directing the quarter-masters at the wheel. A shriek soon followed; a cry of agony was produced by the next shot; the loss of the head of a poor recruit was the effect of the succeeding; and as we advanced, destruction rapidly increased. A severe contusion in the breast now prostrated our captain, but he soon resumed his command. Those only who have been in a similar situation to the one I am attempting to describe, can have a correct idea



two o'clock the main-mast fell over the larboard side, and at half-past the foremast was shot away close to the deck. In this unmanageable state we were but seldom capable of annoying our antagonists, while they had the power of choosing their distance; and every shot from them did considerable execution. We had suffered severely, as must be supposed; and those on the poop were now ordered to assist at the quarter-deck guns, where we continued until the action ceased. I was under the break of the poop, aiding in running out a carronade, when a cry of "stand clear there, here it comes," made me look up; and at that instant the main-mast fell over the bulwarks just above me. This ponderous mass made the ship's whole frame shake; and had it taken a central direction, it would have gone through the poop, and added many to our list of sufferers. Until half-past three we remained in this harassing situation: the only means of bringing our battery towards the enemy was to use the sweeps in the gun-room ports. To these we had recourse, but without effect, for even in ships under perfect command they prove almost useless; and we lay a mere hulk covered in wreck, and rolling with the swell. At this hour a three-decked ship was seen steering towards us. It can easily be imagined with what anxiety every eye turned

towards this formidable object, which would either relieve us from our unwelcome neighbours, or render our situation desperate.

We had scarcely seen the British colours since one o'clock; and it is impossible to express our emotion as the alteration of the stranger's course displayed the white ensign to our sight; but we were too confident in our expectation of support; for although she approached near enough to discern the British colours on the stump of our mizen-mast, she took a different direction. We did not, however, continue much longer in this dilemma, for the *Swiftsure* came nobly to our relief. Can any enjoyment in life be compared with the sensation of delight and thankfulness which such a deliverance produced? It was like the transition from death to life; and the features so long distorted by anxiety softened into an expression of placidity and gratitude. On ordinary occasions we contemplate the grandeur of a ship under sail, with admiration; and even to those whose profession makes them familiar with such scenes, this wonderful production of art seldom fails to attract general notice. But under impressions of danger and excitement, such as prevailed at this crisis, every one eagerly looked towards our approaching friend, who came speedily on; and when within hail, manned the rigging, cheered, and then boldly steered for the

ship which had so long annoyed us : shortly after, the Polyphemus took off the fire from the Spaniard on our bow.

It was near four o'clock when we ceased firing ; but the action continued in the body of the fleet about three miles to windward. The van division of the enemy having tacked, it seemed that the fight was about to be renewed. Rear Admiral Dumanoir making off with four sail of the line to the southward in close order, passed within gun-shot of us ; and as we lay in a helpless and solitary situation, our apprehension was much relieved by seeing them proceed silently on their course. The Argonaut, of eighty guns, having surrendered, we sent an officer to take possession. He returned with her second captain, who stated her loss to amount to two hundred killed.

There are two periods in the life of a sailor which are impressive beyond all others in his eventful career : to the first I have adverted in the early part of this narrative, when each hoped to see his friend again ; and now that the conflict was over, our kinder feelings resumed their sway. Eager inquiries were expressed, and earnest congratulations exchanged, at this joyful moment. The officers came to make their report to the captain, and the fatal result cast a gloom over the scene of our triumph. I have alluded to the impression of our first lieu-

tenant, that he should not survive the contest. This gallant officer was severely wounded in the thigh, and underwent amputation; but his prediction was realized; for he expired before the action had ceased. The junior lieutenant was likewise mortally wounded on the quarter-deck. These gallant fellows were lying beside each other in the gun-room preparatory to their being committed to the deep; and here many met to take a last look of our departed friends, whose remains soon floated in the promiscuous multitude, without distinction either of rank or nation. In the act of launching a poor sailor over the poop he was discovered to breathe; and after being a week in the hospital, the ball which entered the temple came out of his mouth. I notice this occurrence to show the probability that many are thrown overboard when life is not extinct. The upper deck presented a confused and readful appearance. Masts, yards, sails, ropes, and fragments of wreck were scattered in every direction: nothing could be more horrible than the scene of blood and mangled remains with which every part was covered, and which, from the quantity of splinters, resembled a shipwright's yard strewn with gore.

From our extensive loss, thirty-four killed and ninety-six wounded, our cock-pit exhibited a scene of suffering and carnage which rarely occurs. I

visited this abode of suffering with the natural impulse which led many others thither, namely, to ascertain the fate of a friend or companion. So many bodies in such a confined place, and under such distressing circumstances, would affect the most obdurate heart : my nerves were but little accustomed to such trials, but even the dangers of the battle did not seem more terrific than the spectacle before me. On a long table lay several anxiously looking for their turn to receive the surgeon's care, yet dreading the fate which he might pronounce. One subject was undergoing amputation, and every part was heaped with sufferers. Their piercing shrieks and expiring groans were echoed through this vault of misery ; and even at this distant period the heart-sickening picture is alive in my memory.

What a contrast to the hilarity and enthusiastic mirth which reigned in this spot the preceding evening ! At all other times the cock-pit is the region of conviviality and good-humour, for here it is that the happy midshipmen reside, at whose board neither discord nor care interrupt the social intercourse. But a few short hours since, on these benches, which were now covered with mutilated remains, sat these scions of their country's glory, who hailed the coming hour of conflict with cheerful confidence, and each told his story to beguile the anxious moments, the younger ones eagerly listening to their experienced

associates; and all united in the toast of "May we meet again at this hour to-morrow!" I have heard some men say, that they have not felt any thing like fear at the near approach of battle. Such stoicism may exist; the nerves of robust constitutions may wholly subdue the weakness of our nature; but candour must own that a struggle generally takes place between our sentiments of duty and honour and that natural feeling which makes us shudder at impending danger. Truly and beautifully has a distinguished writer observed,

"The brave man is not he who feels no fear,  
For that were brutish and irrational;  
But he, whose noble soul its fear subdues,  
And bravely dares the danger nature shrinks from."

About five o'clock the officers assembled in the captain's cabin to take some refreshment. The parching effects of the smoke made this a welcome summons, although some of us had been fortunate in relieving our thirst by plundering the captain's grapes, which hung round his cabin; still four hours' exertion of body, with the energies incessantly employed, occasioned a lassitude both corporeally and mentally, from which even the victorious termination, now so near at hand, could not arouse us. Moreover, there sat a melancholy on the brows of some who mourned the messmate who had shared his perils and his vicissitudes for many years. Then

the merits of the departed hero were repeated sigh, but his errors sank with him into the earth. There were few who did not bear some mark of this sanguinary engagement, and those who were the good-fortune to escape unhurt, presented an appearance which testified the dangers they had encountered.

Before sun-set all firing had ceased. The view of the fleet at this period was highly interesting, and would have formed a beautiful subject for a painter. Under the setting rays were five or six dismantled ships on one hand lay the Victory, with part of her prizes; and on the left hand the Sovereign, with a similar cluster of ships. The remnant of the combined fleet was making for Cadiz, to the north-west. The Achille had burnt to the water's edge, with her tri-coloured ensign still displayed, about a mile off us, and our tenders and boats were using every effort to save the brave fellows who had so gloriously died on her; but only two hundred and fifty were rescued. She blew up with a tremendous explosion, and a boat with the lieutenant of the Entrepremeuse shortly after came on board, on his return from the Victory, to announce the death of the immortal Nelson. The melancholy tidings spread throughout the fleet in an instant, and its paralyzing effect was wonderful. Our captain had served under the illustrious hero for years, and had partaken in the anxious

of the enemy across the Atlantic with the same officers and crew. "Lord Nelson is no more," was repeated with such despondency and heartfelt sorrow, that every one seemed to mourn a parent. All exertion was suspended: the veteran sailor indulged in silent grief; and some eyes evinced that tenderness of heart is often concealed under the roughest exterior.

The motive of the French admiral in putting to sea has been variously stated: by some, to form a junction with the ships in the Mediterranean; by others, that as Admiral Villeneuve had intimation of being superseded, he determined on fighting our fleet. The latter opinion was confirmed by the Spanish captain, who expressed his astonishment when I told him the extent of our loss. "That is not possible!" he exclaimed, "for we had positive assurance that Lord Nelson was in England, and we believed the English fleet to be no more than twenty-two sail of the line." This mistake arose from Sir Robert Calder's departure for England, and the separation of the squadron which went to Tetuan for water; and the junction of several ships since that circumstance was not known to the enemy.

Night coming on, the Naiad frigate took us in tow, and the next day, endeavouring to get into the Straits, we lost sight of the fleet. After the decks were cleared we were employed in erecting jury masts to keep



the ship under command, and before dark we set a few small sails for the purpose. The wind had increased, with every appearance of a heavy gale coming on. The ship laboured heavily, and in spite of the constant exertions of the frigate we drifted fast towards the shore. At times the tow rope parted, but, notwithstanding the risk of approaching an ungovernable hulk in a tremendous sea, a line was thrown, and repaired, and the hawser was re-fixed to her stern. The increasing storm had driven us so near the shore, that it appeared almost beyond human hope that we should escape the frightful prospect before us. About midnight a midshipman came into the ward-room, and told most of our cots were swinging, to say that the captain wished the officers to come on deck, as it was probable we should be ashore very soon. This awful intelligence was received with confusion and horror, and we instantly started on our feet. Just at this crisis one of the twenty-four port guns, fired out of the stern window, broke adrift from its mounting, and the apprehension of our danger had taken such entire possession of our minds, that the crash appeared to announce our dissolution.

Those who have been in a tempest must have witnessed the levity and fearlessness of the sailors in moments of the utmost peril and alarm. Our recovery from the fright which the lurid

the ship had produced, a young man who was roused by the noise ran past us in such dismay, that it created a burst of laughter from men who expected that their existence would terminate the next instant. With difficulty I got on deck : the ship rolled in the trough of the sea in such a manner that the water came in through the ports and on the gangways, and the shot were rattling about the decks, on which many of the helpless wounded were lying exposed.

At one o'clock the roar of the elements continued, and every roll of the sea seemed to the affrighted imagination as the commencement of the breakers. The hours lagged tediously on, and death appeared with each gust of the tempest. In the battle the chances were equal ; but shipwreck in such a hurricane was certain destruction, and the doubtful situation of the ship kept the mind in a perpetual state of terror. In this horrible suspense each strike of the bell, as it proclaimed the hour, sounded as the knell of our approaching destiny, for none could expect to escape the impending danger.

In silent anxiety we awaited the fate which daylight would decide ; and the thoughts of home, kindred, friends, pressed round the heart, and aggravated our despair. Each brightening of the clouds was hailed as the long-looked for dawn, while the succeeding shade, which appeared to mock our misery,

sank our wearied, hopes into deeper des  
How oft and how numerous were the in  
the sentry—"How goes the time?"—And  
welcome order to "strike two bells"\* wa  
aroused our sinking energies, and every  
directed towards the shore. In a few  
"Land on the lee bow!—Put the helm  
resounded through the ship, and all was ag  
and confusion.

When we got round, the breakers  
tinctly seen, about a mile to leeward, thr  
spray to such terrific height, that even in  
rity we could not behold them without s  
This was a period of delight most assur  
intense dread had so long overpowered e  
feeling, that escape from destruction se  
returning animation, producing a kind  
which rendered us insensible to our mirac  
servation; and it was not until the min  
covered its wonted calmness that our h  
impressed with a due sense of the merciful  
we had experienced.

As the day advanced the wind abated  
enlivening rays of the sun well accorded  
happiness. The Naiad having us in tow  
her canvas, steering a direct course for  
All fears had ceased, and the gladdened fa

\* Five o'clock.

to anticipate nothing but pleasure as they turned towards the object of our destination. This enjoyment, near as it appeared, was again interrupted by a cry of "A sail a-head!" The next report, that "she looked large," was soon confirmed by—"A ship of the Line!"

The consciousness of our own weakness magnifies every object of terror, and blinds us to the resources that may be still at our disposal. "The stranger must," it was supposed, "be the advance of the squadron which escaped to the southward:" and so confidently did the captain believe it, that a consultation was held, when it was resolved to destroy the battered hulk, and make our escape in the frigate. Preparations to carry this decision into effect were about to commence, when the private signal dispersed our hasty fears; and we then recollected that Admiral Louis had gone to Tetuan for water.

The Rock opened to our view about eleven. On the preceding evening the governor received information of the defeat of the combined fleet by a market-boat, which had been present; and in honour of the victory he directed a salute to be fired by the garrison. When we arrived near our anchorage, the battery of the Devil's Tongue commenced firing, and a *feu de joie* followed along the lines: each ship manned her yards and cheered as we passed; and our entrance in the Mole was

very gratifying. Crowds of every class came to greet and congratulate us ; and although so much rivalry then existed between the two services, scarcely an officer of the line came on board, we experienced much attention from those of the royal navy, and some of us partook of their hospitality. The contrast of our ship's present appearance with the bright sides and the majestic beauty which marked her proud course a few days before, was striking to an indifferent observer : to those who felt identified, as it were, with her fortunes, the reflection of her helpless condition, and the honourable scars she bore, made a grateful and lasting impression. We had endured danger and suffering, and we had triumphed !

Disabled ships continued to arrive for several days, bringing with them the only four prizes which were rescued from the fury of the late gale. The anchorage became covered with ships. In the foreground lay six dismasted hulls, whose battered sides, mounted guns, and shattered ports, presented unequivocal evidence of the brilliant part they had taken in the gloriously contested battle ;—and beyond, the more recently arrived lay at their anchor. At this proud moment no shout of exultation was heard, no joyous felicitations were exchanged ; the lowered flag which waved on the Victory's mast marked where the mourned heroes lay, and

a deepening shade o'er the triumphant scene. The exertion which was necessary to refit the ships did not however permit the mind to dwell on this melancholy subject. In a few days several were ready to proceed home ; and on the 4th of November, the Victory and ourselves bent our course for England. As we were the first who took the returns of our killed and wounded, nothing was known of our loss by our friends until our arrival, although several ships had preceded us. Their suspense can be imagined ; for the anxious inquirer only knew that we had suffered severely. Each day our protracted arrival increased their solicitude, hoping, yet dreading, as the eager eye watched the signal that announced approaching ships. At length we reached our destination, and arrived in Plymouth Sound on the 4th of December. Boats innumerable floated round us with faces expressive of the torturing anxiety which was felt ; and a moment ensued of such boundless joy to many, and bitter agony to others, that no pen can describe it : it would have wrung the most callous heart.

I could not bear to hear the effusions of grief which burst from the childless parent, or witness the sorrow of brotherly tenderness, and I hastened to the affectionate embraces of my own family.

## AN AUTUMNAL EVENING.

BY SIR THOMAS ELMSLEY CROFT, BART.

---

HARK ! through the gloomy wood hoarse breezes blow,  
Moan o'er the trees and sigh around each bough ;  
As if stern Winter, while he proves his sway,  
Mourn'd the frail beauties that he sweeps away.  
On the lake's bosom, erst so silver-clear,  
Autumnal leaves in yellow groups appear,  
Float near its grassy marge, or slowly move,  
As fitful gusts despoil the beechen grove.  
Yet, while abroad unsparing Winter stalks,  
Strewing with Autumn's robes our rustling walks,  
And scarce allows yon leaf-clad lake to glass  
The fleeting clouds that o'er the horizon pass ;  
'Mid all the waste his hollow voice commands,  
One verdant tree his tyrant power withstands,  
Unfaded still surveys the barren scene,  
And smiles triumphant in eternal green :  
While the dimm'd waters, as they faintly flow,  
Reflect its foliage in their waves below.  
Thus, when Misfortune on the tortured mind,  
Wreaks all its wrath, and leaves no joy behind :





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## AN ANTIQUARIAN EVENING

By the Author of "The Antiquary."

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ASTOR, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

When Hope's bright summer charms the heart no  
more,

and Sorrow reigns where Gladness ruled before ;  
till shall some green Remembrance comfort shed,  
Mid Grief's dull waste uprear its verdant head,  
And, far beyond Affliction's dread controul,  
mildly reflect its beauties on the soul.

## A SEA-SHORE ECHO.

BY BARRY CORNWALLI.

---

### I.

I STAND upon the wild sea-shore—  
I see the screaming eagle soar—  
I hear the hungry billows roar,  
And all around  
The hollow answering caves out-pour  
Their stores of sound.

### II.

The wind, which moaneth on the waves,  
Delights me, and the surge that raves  
Loud-talking of a thousand graves—  
A watery theme !  
But oh ! those voices from the caves  
Speak like a dream !

### III.

They seem long hoarded,—cavern hung,—  
First uttered ere the world was young,  
Talking some strange eternal tongue  
Old as the skies !  
Their words unto all earth are flung :  
Yet who replies ?

## IV.

Large answers when the thunders speak  
Are blown from every bay and creek,  
And when the fire-tongued tempests speak  
The bright seas cry,  
And when the seas *their* answer seek  
The shores reply.

## V.

But Echo from the rock and stone  
And seas earns back no second tone ;  
And Silence pale, who hears alone  
Her voice divine,  
Absorbs it, like the sponge that's thrown  
On glorious wine !

## VI.

. . . Nymph Echo,—elder than the world,  
Who wast from out deep chaos hurl'd,  
When Beauty first her flag unfurled,  
And the bright sun  
Laughed on her, and the blue waves curled,  
And voices run

## VII.

Like spirits on the new-born air,  
Lone Nymph, whom poets thought so fair,  
And great Pan wooed from his green lair,  
How Love will flee !  
Thou answeredst *all* ; but none now care  
To answer thee !

## VIII.

None,—none : Old age has seared thy brow  
No power, no shrine, no gold hast thou :  
So, Fame, the harlot, leaves thee now,  
    A frail, false friend !  
And thus, like all things here below,  
    Thy fortunes end !

## HE VIRGIN MARY'S EVENING SONG.

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CHILD of beauty, brightness, power !  
Sleep, it is the evening hour !  
Sleep, though rude thy chamber round,  
Fear not, this is holy ground ;  
Viewless watchers hover here,  
Angel-bands are bending near.

Child of mystery and might,  
What can ail thee, babe, to-night ?  
Infant, tender, pure, and pale,  
Rosebud, delicate, and frail.  
Ah ! I see upon thy brow  
Some uneasy feeling now ;  
And thy quiet falling tears  
Wake my heart's foreboding fears.

Child of high and holy love,  
Thou hast left thy bower above :  
Come, then, to an humbler nest,  
On thy mortal mother's breast ;



92      THE VIRGIN MARY'S EVENING SONG.

Wherefore still thy murmurs heard,  
Wherefore fluttering, timid bird,  
Is it my rude songs that break  
Dreams from which thou would'st not wake  
Are the angel-hymns on high  
Softer than a mother's sigh ?

Child of heaven ! a lowlier lay,  
It were meet for me to pay ;  
Gem of glory, fount of bliss,  
Borne upon a breast like this ;  
Holy as thou art and dear,  
May I love thee without fear ?  
Oh ! too beautiful thou art  
Thus to slumber on my heart ;  
Yet, while thus our arms entwine,  
Thou art mine—for ever, mine !

J.

## WOMAN.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

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Now I've lit upon a theme  
Sound, thrilling, and supreme,  
Let me try my mountain lore  
On the oblivious theme once more ;  
What is Bard, with all his art,  
Scorns to take the fair one's part,  
Never hath in life perceived  
At once I sparingly believed)  
Woman's fair and lovely breast  
Framed the sanctuary blest,  
Home, all other homes above,  
Fertile and of faithful love ?  
O sex ! I fear with all my zeal  
No man can laud you as I feel :  
Nature's glowing hand imbue  
The early bloom with beauty's dew,  
Put in thine eye the 'witching wile,  
Light with love thy opening smile,

Ere prudence rises to thine aid,  
A thousand snares for thee are laid ;  
While still to revel, wrong or right,  
Among these snares is thy delight.  
'Tis thus that thousands wreck'd, and hurl'  
From virtue's paths, traverse the world,  
Regardless of creation's scorn,  
Unblest, unfavoured, and forlorn.  
Oh ! take not one degraded mind,  
For model of dear womankind.  
But let us rise in our compare  
To beauties of the earth and air,  
With their revenges—range the sea,  
The wood, the waste, the galaxy,  
And rather urge a parable  
'Twixt rays of heaven and shades of hell,  
Than Woman's fair and virtuous fame  
Should suffer but in thought or aim,  
Or from her sacred temples fall  
The smallest flower celestial.  
Take Woman as her God hath made her,  
And not as mankind may degrade her,  
Else as well may you take the storm  
In all its hideousness, to form  
An estimate of nature's cheer,  
And glories of the bounteous year :  
As well compare the summer flower  
With dark December's chilling shower,

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Or summer morning, pearled with dew,  
With winter's wan and deadly hue;  
The purple ocean, calm and glowing,  
With ocean when the tempest's blowing,  
Then say with proud discourtesy,  
" This is the earth, and that the sea ;  
And this is Woman—what you will  
Please you to say, she's Woman still ;  
And will be Woman, more or less  
A being prone to perverseness.  
Hath it not flowed from sage's tongue,  
And hath not moral poet sung,  
That men to war or business take,  
But Woman is at heart a rake ?"  
Injurious Bard, such thing to say,  
Degraded be thy shameless lay,  
Such ruinous principle to own,  
And damning dogma to lay down ;  
'Tis false :—woe to the blighted name  
That would attach promiscuous blame  
To all the gentle, fair, and wise,  
And only view to generalize.  
For me, I'm Woman's slave confest—  
Without her, hopeless and unblest ;  
And so are all, gainsay who can,  
For what would be the life of man,  
If left in desert or in isle,  
Unlighted up by beauty's smile :

Even though he boasted monarch's name,  
And o'er his own sex reigned supreme  
With thousands bending to his sway,  
If lovely Woman were away,  
What were his life?—What could it be?—  
A vapour on a shoreless sea ;  
A troubled cloud in darkness toss'd,  
Amongst the waste of waters lost ;  
A ship deserted in the gale,  
Without a steersman or a sail,  
A star, or beacon-light before,  
Or hope of haven evermore ;  
A thing without a human tie,  
Unlov'd to live, unwept to die.  
Then let us own through nature's reign  
Woman the light of her domain ;  
And if to maiden love not given,  
The dearest bliss below the heaven,  
At least due homage let us pay,  
In rev'rence of a parent's sway,  
To that dear sex whose favour still  
Our guerdon is in good or ill—  
A motive that can never cloy,  
Our glory, honour, and our joy ;  
And humbly on our bended knee  
Acknowledge her supremacy.

## SONNETS TO IANTHE.

BY DELTA.

### I.

IF art thou sad, my Love, why art thou sad ?  
What care, can sorrow blanch thy damask cheek,  
Or cloud a soul so sinless and so meek,  
When all thine own pure thoughts should make thee  
glad ?

How so becometh grief thy gentle brow,  
Or when I think of life and look on thee,  
How paltry all its pleasures seem to be,  
How rarely I wish thee otherwise than now.  
How doth my bosom bleed, as in thine eyes  
I read the deep serenity of Heaven,  
How feel that unto none on earth is given  
That cup of bliss, wherein no sorrow lies ;  
How from thy spirit be all shadows driven,  
How holy it is, and pure, without disguise.

## II.

'Tis midnight, and the world is veiled in sleep ;  
But I can rest not, for, in all my dreams,  
Thou risest up before me, and there seems  
A cloud upon thy brow—and thou dost weep !  
'Tis midnight, but the midnight of the heart  
Is what oppresses me ; since doomed to feel  
That thou art sad, and that I may not heal  
Thy woes, or bear in them a willing part :  
This is the curse of separation—this  
Perpetual longing after objects dear,—  
Obscure presentiment,—foreboding drear,—  
And hope deferred ; till in the dim abyss  
Of our existence, Hope itself grows Fear,  
And the heart sickens 'mid its dreams of bliss.

## III.

y this look estranged, and this cold air ?  
would seem, since 'twixt us Fate hath set  
illing bonds, that we had never met,  
in happier days a loving pair ;  
lly would I blame thee not—I know  
erest and that Hate have struggled hard,  
lousy, to lure that fond regard  
e, which formed my dearest hope below.  
sh seem not—cruel be not thou :  
the world might change, but I have deemed  
ou wouldst change not, faith in calmness  
med  
in thy deep rich eye and marble brow ;  
ou to prove, what I have never dreamed,  
o the dust it would my spirit bow !

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## IV.

WITH jealous thoughts, and with suspicious looks,  
I know that thou art tried, and that my name  
Is seldom heard by thee, save when with blame  
'Tis coupled ; this I know thy patience brooks ;  
And much I feel for thee, yet dare not shew  
My gratitude for all this tenderness,  
Which grief can change not, and which bears distress  
As if it took a pride in mastering woe.  
Oh ! firmest, fairest, dearest of thy kind !  
Had sorrow never touch'd thee, I had been  
In ignorance of more than half thy worth ;  
Nor had I known that thou couldst stand serene,  
Even in this gloom of consolation's dearth :  
Heaven bless thee, sweetest one, and spread its screen  
'Tween woe and thee—too good for this vile earth !

## THE STRANGER PATRON.

BY WILLIAM J. THOMS.

"This is no mortal business."—SHAKESPEARE.

THE setting sun, tinted with his golden beams, the light vine leaves that clustered luxuriantly round a little window of the studio in which Giulio Arlfo, the ablest sculptor in Florence, studied and actised those principles of art by means of which he hoped to gain at last, that far distant and uncertain ward of genius—the admiration of posterity; and the valley by which Florence is surrounded lighted his gorgeous splendour, presented a scene so perfectly beautiful and picturesque, that it had succeeded withdrawing for a time Giulio's attention from the model which he was then about to finish, and his thoughts from that dearer object on which they were more frequently employed—his beloved Berta.

While he gazed with the passionate intensity of an artist on the surrounding landscape glowing in the brilliancy of departing day, and on the distant hills, whose various heights and situations contributed by the diversity of their colours to complete the beauty of a scene calculated to inspire deep feelings of poetry

and devotion, the hum of the busy city, the gentle murmur of the Arno meandering in its peaceful course, and the vesper chimes of the neighbouring churches and monasteries, plunged him into a deep and sorrowful reverie. He at length aroused himself. "It is indeed very beautiful, and yet I cannot gaze on it without sadness : something oppresses me, some undefinable feeling of sorrow mysteriously arises from this vast field of beauty to weigh down my naturally buoyant spirits. Strange, that the contemplation of such magnificence should at once delight the eye by its brightness, and plunge the soul into despondency by the dark and hidden fancies which it gives rise to ! But a truce to such folly ; I must to Berta, if she miss her walk, I shall return ungladdened by her smiles and thanks, which outvalue all the fine feelings in Italy." So saying he was about to leave the apartment, when the door opened and he was prevented by the entrance of a stranger.

He was a man of noble appearance, who, by the dignity and refinement of his manners more than by his commanding figure and richness of apparel, impressed upon his beholders the conviction of his superior rank. Though somewhat past the prime of life, his step had not lost its elasticity, nor was the original vigour of his frame diminished ; and his countenance, which bespoke a calm and philosophic endurance of the ills of this world, possessed at the same time an

indescribable expression of power and benevolence, calculated to procure for him alternately fear and reverence. He was dressed in mourning, but the materials of his habit were of the most costly nature; and a diamond cross, which was suspended to a broad crimson riband round his neck, shone in mournful though brilliant contrast to his otherwise sombre costume. Giulio, who at first imagined the interruption might have proceeded from the arrival of one of the many idlers who frequented the studii of the artist, apparently less for the purpose of purchasing than of retarding their productions, was about to protest against being detained, when he was arrested by the superior demeanour of his visitor, whose appearance seemed to promise the only recompense which could be made for delaying his visit to Berta—the probability of his becoming a patron, and one of rank and affluence.

The Stranger commenced the conversation: "Signor Arnolfo, though hitherto personally unknown to me, I am acquainted with you through your productions, more especially one which has established your claim to the character of an enlightened and accomplished artist." Arnolfo bowed—"I mean the Wounded Cupid in the collection of the Palazzo —. Impressed with admiration of your abilities I have selected you as the artist by whom a sepulchral group, solemn in its design, and sad in its import,

must be executed." "Must be—there is little need of must be when both fame and gold are to be had for the trial," responded Arnolfo to himself; but his visitor proceeded. "The design is that of a youth mourning over the dead body of his betrothed—the figures are to be the size of life; the price five thousand crowns, and the time of completion this day twelvemonth. Any alterations you may suggest except as regards that point, I am not only willing but anxious to receive, but upon that I am determined—by this day next year the figures must be completed."

"Plague on his must be," again muttered Arnolfo, then addressing the Stranger said; "Signor, proud as I am of the task which you have been pleased to assign to me, I am still more so from the consciousness of having obtained that distinction by the former exertion of my humble talents, and will endeavour to prove my sense of your kindness by the punctuality and zeal with which I will obey your behest."—"I do not doubt it Signor Arnolfo, but as I leave Florence immediately, and shall not return till the twelvemonth is expired, pray give me your ideas upon the interesting work which I have proposed to you." "Willingly; and the more so as I should prefer for a subject, should you concur with me, a lover watching his expiring mistress, for of two distressing ideas, an amiable and affectionate maiden

sunk in a placid sleep, the type and harbinger of death, eagerly and attentively watched by an afflicted lover in whose countenance is painted the horrible conflicts of love, anguish, hope, and despair, is less heart-rending, than to see the pallid corse of all of earthly that he ever loved, gazed on by the chosen of her heart, with love for what it has been and with horror at what it is. Cold unfeeling clay, a tenant for the noisome grave and food for the worms of earth. I am perhaps however hazarding a conjecture on the arrangement of the groupe, which may not accord with the object to which it is intended to apply it when finished."—"Pray, Signor, what may that be?" "Time will show," replied the Stranger, "in the meanwhile let it be as you propose; there is but little difference between the glazed eye of the dying and the closed eye of the dead, yet slight as it is the here and the hereafter wait upon the change. I will now show you my idea of the positions into which I think the figures should be thrown:"—so saying, he took up a crayon and hastily sketched upon the wall, a rough but masterly outline of the design. The spirit which pervaded this trifling performance increased the astonishment which seized the youthful artist when he remarked, that though every line was correct and expressive of the action of the groupe, the heads of both figures were wanting. "I fear me, Signor," said Arnolfo, "that my work will fall far

short of what so great a master of the art would wish, yet spite of my fears I must acknowledge myself greatly obliged for this specimen of your skill, and for the study which it will save me ; believe me, I do not mean to flatter you, but I feel that in embodying that idea I shall produce a masterpiece."

"Your commendation is flattering," replied the Stranger, "I had but intended to assist, not to dictate your management of the work." "Pardon me," continued Giulio whose admiration and wonder increased as he contemplated the sketch ; "pardon me, but I would fain know why one so talented has omitted the heads of the figures, surely you who have told the subjects by the headless trunks, have other reasons than fear of failure in the countenances for this omission." "Oh there are many and good reasons for that, Signor Arnolfo, and perhaps none better than that I have improved upon the Grecian who veiled the face, whose passions he dared not attempt to paint, and so have left them entirely to the imagination of the spectator. But the evening is fast closing ; are my terms such as you could wish ?" Giulio who was overwhelmed by his liberality, expressed himself in the warmest terms of gratitude, and promised that his wishes should be attended to in every respect. "Here then is thy reward, Signor Arnolfo, but remember thy task must be finished by this day twelvemonth: Fare thee Well!"

so saying, and having thrown a purse well filled with gold upon the table, the Stranger took his departure.

The astonished Giulio immediately returned to the examination of the drawing on the wall, the beauty and truth of which plunged him into an ecstasy of admiration and delight. The more he gazed the greater was the wonder which it produced in him, but when at the highest pitch of enthusiastic excitement he recollected the emphatic manner in which his new patron had insisted upon the design being completed by a certain time, his mysterious bearing, and the circumstance of his waving all explanation of the purpose for which the statue was intended, he felt considerable repugnance to the undertaking, and would, if his visitor had not left him, have been inclined to throw aside the golden opportunity which presented itself, and to decline the newly offered patronage despite the liberal reward attendant upon his exertions.

These circumstances contributed to allay the joy which he would otherwise have felt at the prospect of being shortly united to Berta, the possession of so large a sum removing the only obstacle to their union which existed; and though the sight of the purse which remained untouched upon the table excited pleasing and brilliant hopes within his breast, the events of the evening appeared so myste-



rious and unintelligible, that on the consideration of them he relapsed into the fit of melancholy from which he had scarcely roused himself at the entrance of his visitor, and which was renewed with increased force at his departure.

But Giulio's was a restless and vacillating spirit ; and by the time he had hastily cleared up his studio, arranged like a very lover his attire, and arrived at the dwelling of his Berta, he had shaken off the gloom which enveloped his mind, and was all light and air at the tidings he was about to communicate.

Glad and joyous that night was the meeting of Giulio and Berta, for it was the first in which, with any well founded hope, they had deliberated upon plans of future happiness. The more than womanly mildness of Berta was shown in the deep-felt silence and grateful tears by which she evinced her delight and satisfaction at the brilliant prospect which now opened before them ; while Giulio, ever enthusiastic and impetuous, revelled midst hastily formed schemes of future conduct, and visionary ideas of never ending enjoyment.

Wild and incoherent were the fancies which floated before his heated imagination : now would he purchase a villa on the banks of the Arno, where the presence of his Berta should cheer and encourage him in his studies ; and now he determined not to

quit Florence, but enjoy with her the society to which he hoped his talents would introduce them; and as he hastily and impetuously expressed his quickly changing thoughts, the flash of his eye, the rapidity of his utterance, the very tone of his voice were so peculiar and expressive, that they seemed the result of that unearthly joy which old crones and dotards pronounce to be the infallible and fatal token of a doomed man.

The hour of parting at length arrived, and though while at the side of Berta, the youthful sculptor felt loath to say—good night; yet the farewell once uttered, he was all impatience to retrace his steps, and ere he sought his couch to gaze once more on the drawing of his new patron. Though he viewed it with increased admiration, envy gradually found an entrance into his bosom, and whispered him that his reputation might be tarnished if it were known that instead of supporting the dignity of the artist and exercising his own imagination, he had consented to become a copyist by adopting the ideas of another.

Actuated by these feelings, he was from that moment continually employed in designing and new modelling the subject, yet though the thought of executing it in the manner which he had almost promised became daily more insupportable, it seemed as if for want of being satisfied with any production

of his own, he should at last be compelled to do so. His creative powers appeared suddenly to have abandoned him ; his ideas, which once crowded upon him, seemed to have fled at the moment when their presence was most needed ; and instead of, as they were wont, answering his beck in bright and airy throngs, they now rose slowly and laboriously before his exhausted fancy. Yes, in spite of the study and meditation which he had expended upon them, every fresh sketch seemed more faulty than its predecessor. This wanted expression, that wanted grace ; in one the figures were too stiff, in another they were unskilfully arranged ; in short, strive as he would, the original design remained unrivalled.

Months passed away in this manner, and the commission of his patron, hitherto uncommenced, now appeared less likely than ever to be completed ; for Berta, who had inherited from her mother a weak frame and delicate constitution, had latterly evinced alarming symptoms of a rapid consumption.

This circumstance was fatal to Giulio's studies ; he felt that he should not long possess her, and anxious to soothe her by his kindness, and alleviate her sufferings by his tenderness, he was unremitting in his attendance upon her, gratifying all her wishes and anticipating all her wants.

It was at the close of a warm spring day, that Berta reclining on a couch was left to the care of her

afflicted and desponding Giulio ; a small lamp burning before an image of the Virgin shed a tremulous light over the apartment, and the cool gales of evening wafted through the veil-like curtains of the window, lulled her to that repose, which her exhausted state required, but which had been denied to her by the oppressive heat of the day. While Giulio gazed on the pale and faded cheek which had but a few weeks before seemed to him the roundest and rosiest that ever gladdened the eye of an admirer, his heart sunk within him, when he reflected in how few and quickly fleeting hours the frail and beauteous form, in whom all his happiness was centred, would perish like its rivals the sweet flowers of spring ; and how that with her all his dreams of joy would pass away, and leave him to a waking as replete with woe, as his visions had been with bliss.

By such agonizing thoughts as these was his mind distracted and his whole frame agitated. His bosom swelled with the extremity of his grief, and the tears started to his eye-lids : still not one sigh had he power to breathe, not one tear could he shed to relieve his sufferings and alleviate his distress. Care-worn and heart-broken with the attention of a nurse and the affection of a husband he bent over his exhausted Berta, whose mind wandering in her sleep to the recollection of those by-gone moments, when made happy by the assurance of requited affection,

their hearts were exchanged and vows of eternal constancy mutually plighted, she gained temporary strength from the excitement, and as she slept exclaimed, with all the energy of fondness, "And will you *always* love me Giulio?"

What Giulio's sensations were when he heard that overwhelming evidence of affection few can tell; he felt as if at that moment the extremes of bliss and misery were centred in his breast: painful and terrible was the struggle which checked the involuntary expression of his feelings; a faintness came over him; stupor was rapidly overwhelming him; but the tears poured down his rugged cheeks—he wept—and in the midst of sorrow was comforted that the rest of the sleeper remained undisturbed. But the hour of his trial was not yet passed away: his mind, already tortured beyond the ordinary limits of human endurance, was destined to undergo still further suffering on the rack of blighted affection. While he yet wept and remained immoveable through the weight of his affliction, his eyes wandered unconsciously round the apartment, and when they reached the wall whereon the shadows of himself and Berta were reflected, he was filled with horror at perceiving that the dark outline presented a surprising and fearful resemblance to the design of the stranger. Great and terrible was the shock, which it gave him and the overpowering impression that the hand

of Providence had guided the mysterious events of the last few months, rushed upon his mind and harrowed it.

Horried at this awful indication of his approaching destiny, consciousness gradually forsook him, and after a few moments spent in a struggle for mastery over his feelings, he fell senseless to the floor; and thus hastened the catastrophe which his distracted fancy had anticipated.

The noise of his fall, which brought her brother Giacomo and the nurse into the chamber, likewise awakened Berta, and the sudden alarm which it occasioned her, brought on all the worse symptoms of her complaint to that degree that Giulio was necessarily left unheeded, while their attentions were directed to the assistance of Berta; but in vain. She was seized with a violent fit of coughing, and the exertion proved fatal to her: her frame already attenuated by the rapid progress of the disease could offer no further resistance, and the rupture of a blood vessel placed her beyond the reach of mortal suffering.

Wonderful are the ways of Providence, and the powers of human nature. Giulio whose grief had hitherto been most immoderate, and whose returning senses communicated to him fresh causes for indulging in it, bore without a tear this sudden bereavement, and he who a few hours before felt as-

sured that nothing could afford him consolation under such an event, was able almost immediately to comfort and condole with her fond and unhappy brother. So true it is, that he who sendeth afflictions will enable us to bear up against them, and will "temper the wind to the shorn lamb."

It was a sad sight, when a band of maidens clothed in their funeral robes of white, bore the lamented Berta to her grave; and as they scattered flowers upon the coffin many of the spectators wept and said, "Alas! death has cropped the sweetest flower in Florence."

Giacomo loud in his grief, and exhausted by his continual lamentations, was obliged to lean for support upon the arm of Giulio, who proceeded with an undaunted step and an undimmed eye to the grave in which they were about to lay the remains of his betrothed. Many marvelled when they saw his placid demeanour; but none believed it to result from indifference or want of feeling, and though they knew not the cause, they felt assured that a sufficient one existed.

At the close of this imposing ceremony Giulio returned to his studio, as if to banish all recollection of his misfortunes by the resumption of his long neglected pursuits, upon which he apparently entered with an increased enthusiasm, seldom quitting his retirement but when forced by the summons of a

friend, and carefully excluding from it all his accustomed visitors. A settled and gloomy melancholy appeared to possess him; and as his friends saw from time to time how thin and emaciated he became, they regretted that he gave himself up to such incessant application. Early and late was he employed: the noon-day passenger watched him as he passed, and the houseless wanderer was cheered by the rays of his midnight lamp.

This was, however, a course which could not long continue; and it happened that Giacomo, who was an accomplished painter, wishing to consult him upon a point of art, was surprised by Giulio's not attending to the signal which he had given to such friends as he desired to hold communion with. The signal was twice or thrice repeated, and with as little effect as before; Giacomo alarmed at the circumstance called loudly upon him to open the door. "Arnolfo, my dear friend, I wish to see you: pray answer me; if you are too busy, tell me when you will be at leisure, and I will come again." Still he received no reply. Fearful of the cause of this continued silence, he applied his shoulder to the door, and succeeded in bursting it open. What was his astonishment, when he beheld Arnolfo, resting his head upon his hand, apparently asleep, before a splendid and newly finished monument! He attempted to arouse the artist, but the icy coldness of his hand told to



the terrified Giacomo that Giulio Arnolfo, the sculptor, slept in death.

At the foot of the monument, in which, though modelled after a drawing on the wall of the apartment, Giacomo speedily recognised the figures of his sister and Giulio, lay the open tablets of the latter, and in the first leaf was written :

“ To my dear Friend and Brother, Giacomo.

By the love I bore towards your sister, by the esteem I bear towards yourself, I implore you to comply with the last wishes of your dying friend. Let me be laid in the same grave with my beloved Berta, and place over us the tomb which, thanks to the blessed Virgin, I have lived to finish. As for the gold, the wages of death, expend it I beseech you in deeds of charity, and in masses for the souls of your ill-fated sister and friend. Fear not that its return will ever be demanded from you, he from whom I had it was no dweller upon earth. Farewell ! as you would have my spirit rest in peace, obey my bidding. Farewell.

G. A.”

The doubts which Giacomo might otherwise have felt as to obeying the wishes of his friend, were however removed the evening before his interment. A stranger, enveloped in a large travelling cloak, knock-

ed loudly at the door and inquired for Signor Arnolfo. Giacomo irritated at the indecency of thus disturbing the house of mourning, hastened out, with the intention of reprimanding the intruder, but was checked by finding, in answer to his questions, that he was the mysterious visitor whose commission had been attended with such fatal results. Giacomo accordingly explained to him the unfortunate circumstances which had attended his former visit, and begging that the tomb might be applied agreeably to the wishes of the artist, offered to return the purchase money to the stranger, who, seemingly shocked at the events which had taken place, declined receiving it, and expressed great anxiety that it might be disposed of as the deceased had specified; then bidding Giacomo, a kind though hasty farewell, he took his departure, and was heard of no more.

This monument which was long visited for the beauty of its design and execution, and the interesting history connected with it, is however no longer in existence. In the year 17— when the church in which it was placed was fired by lightning, it shared the fate of many noble memorials of the affection and skill of former times, which were then mingled with the dust they were intended to perpetuate: and in these pages remains the only record of *The Sculptor of Florence* and *The Stranger Patron*.

LINES.

THE FEAST OF LIFE.

BY L. E. L.

---

I BID thee to my mystic Feast,  
Each one thou lovest is gathered there ;  
Yet put thou on a mourning robe,  
And bind the cypress in thy hair.

The hall is vast, and cold, and drear ;  
The board with faded flowers is spread ;  
Shadows of beauty flit around,  
But beauty from which bloom has fled ;

And music echoes from the walls,  
But music with a dirge-like sound ;  
And pale and silent are the guests,  
And every eye is on the ground.

Here, take this cup, tho' dark it seem,  
And drink to human hopes and fears ;  
'Tis from their native element  
The cup is filled—it is of tears.

What ! turnest thou with averted brow ?  
Thou scornest this poor feast of mine ;  
And askest for a purple robe,  
Light words, glad smiles, and sunny wine.

In vain, the veil has left thine eyes,  
Or such these would have seemed to thee ;  
Before thee is the Feast of Life,  
But life in its reality !

## OUR FATHER LAND !

BY H. C. DEAKIN, ESQ.

---

OUR Father Land ! who names the name  
Of Father Land without a tear ?  
The voice of love, the voice of fame,  
The voice of all we hold most dear—  
Tell us to love our Father Land !

The aspiring hills that look on heaven,  
The streams that wander to the sea,  
The song of birds at morn and even,  
The forest's choral minstrelsy,  
Tell us to love our Father Land !

The legends that we loved to hear  
Of haunted grove and wizard glen,  
Taking us back to days most dear,  
Ah never to return again,  
Tell us to love our Father Land !

Whose is the heart that will not beat  
More proudly on the ocean wave ;

Nor feel his life-blood back retreat  
Into that mystic crimson cave,  
When he thinks of his Father Land ?

Our Father Land ! who names the name  
Of Father Land without a tear ?  
The voice of love, the voice of fame,  
The voice of all we hold most dear,  
Tell us to love our Father Land !

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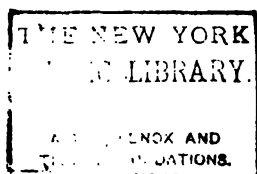
### TO A WEDDING RING.

WRITTEN A FEW DAYS BEFORE MARRIAGE.

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HAIL, thou most welcome harbinger of bliss !  
Accept my fondest, dearest, warmest kiss.  
Soon mayest thou, with more than magic power,  
Unite their hands, whose hearts were joined before ;  
Whose faith has oft been prov'd by every test,  
Love's fears devise—affection's doubts suggest.  
May the eternity, of which, dear pledge,  
Thou long hast been the consecrated badge,  
Attend, pure, unalloyed, and free from pain,  
That Love, of which thou'lt be the binding chain.

H.





DIANA OF POICTIERS.

*Published by William Pickers, (Printer, Lane, London) 1748.*

DIANA OF POICTIERS, AND PRIMATICCIO  
THE PAINTER.

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"*Mon Dieu, madame, are you hurt? By the beauty of woman, I hope not,*" said a reasonably well-featured and handsome man, somewhat advanced in years, as he raised from the ground a lady who had been accidentally dismounted by the sudden curvetting of the milk-white palfrey on which she rode.

The exertions of the lady, and the assistance of the speaker, whose morning reveries, it being yet scarcely two hours after day-break, had been interrupted by the event, soon replaced her in her saddle. "*Grace a Dieu, no ;*" said the lady, hastily adjusting her veil. "*Grace a Dieu, no ; and many thanks to you, Sir, for your timely courtesy, which did I know whom I address, I would find a fitter opportunity of expressing.*"

"Madame," said the stranger, "my name is Primaticcio, an indifferently well-known artist, attracted to this neighbourhood, by a desire of behold-



ing the magnificence of the Chateau d'Anet, of which fame speaks so loudly ; and I have taken up my residence in the village of Dreux, till chance shall throw me in the way of some one with power and inclination to gratify my curiosity. But, Madame, would you confer an obligation upon me, by informing me whom I have the honour and happiness to meet thus betimes ?”

“ ’Tis a small boon for so great a courtesy,” replied the lady, “ and shall be as you wish, but not at present. Suffice it to say, I am called La Grande Sénéchale, and am in high favour with the Duchess of Valentinois : where shall I send to you, should an opportunity present itself of shewing you the beauties of the chateau ?”

“ My present residence,” replied Primaticcio, “ is the Poictiers Arms, where I shall most anxiously await your commands.”

“ Adieu, then, Signor Primaticcio, my servants will be here anon, and there will be little good in making them acquainted with this affair. Adieu !” Thus speaking, she laid her finger upon her lip in token of silence, and gracefully bowing her head in return for the doffed bonnet of the artist, the fair equestrian pursued her course.

This event, which occupied less time in action than in the recital, plunged the artist into profound thought for the remainder of his walk ; and his

mind was busily engaged in meditating upon the change of his condition since the day, when as the favourite painter of Francis the First, his praises were sounded by all, and his society courted by the whole throng of nobles who formed the brilliant court which boasted for its head the "King of Gentlemen," as that monarch was fondly called by his dependants; and in considering whether he had done justice to himself in instantly withdrawing from the court on the death of his beloved patron, and thereby not affording to his successor a similar opportunity of befriending him, should he have been so disposed.

Occupied by these reflections, and heedless of the direction in which he was wandering, he unconsciously bent his steps towards the little auberge, where he had slept the previous night. The appearance of breakfast speedily banished thought; and after having finished his repast, the artist determined not to leave the auberge, lest in his absence a communication should arrive from his fair friend at the chateau, requiring his immediate presence there. Seeking, therefore, amusement in the exercise of his pencil and in the beautiful scenery which surrounded his present picturesque abode, he contrived to wile away the day so pleasantly and so rapidly, that he was surprised when the grey tints

of evening, darkening into night, warned him to retire to his welcome, though humble bed.

At the first dawn Primaticcio arose, and though he himself scarcely knew the motives which influenced him, he walked towards the spot which had been the scene of the previous morning's adventure. On his arrival there he leaned his back against a tree, and mentally reviewed the whole of that extraordinary occurrence : he, however, had not long been thus engaged, before he was aroused by the approach of La Grande Sénéchale, attended by two servants, wearing the colours assumed by the Lady Diana—black and white.

Primaticcio recovered from his surprise in time to salute her as she passed, while the lady, waving her riding rod in return for the salutation with which he greeted her, contrived at the same time, unobserved by her attendants, to let a neatly folded billet fall at the feet of the astonished artist ; and it was with great difficulty he could restrain his anxiety to become acquainted with the contents of her epistle, until the lady and her attendants were out of sight. The moment he could do so with safety, he snatched the billet from the ground, and read as follows :

“ La grande Sénéchale, mindful of her promise to Signor Primaticcio, has made arrangements which

will enable him to view the Chateau d'Anet this day. As, owing to the presence of the King, who objects to its inspection by strangers, it is a task of some difficulty, she was not enabled as she wished to accomplish it yesterday. If Signor Primaticcio will, at noon, be in waiting near the five oaks on the left hand of the great gate of the Park, *le joli Henri* will join him there, and conduct him through the apartments. The mention of *La Grande Sénéchale* will enable the Signor to pass the Porter's Lodge, and silence all inquiries which may be addressed to him."

"A very agreeable and lady-like communication, and courtesy is yet something more than a name in *la belle France*," ejaculated the artist, as he placed the letter in his bosom, and prepared to retrace his steps to the Poitiers Arms.

The interval between breakfast and mid-day appeared an age to Primaticcio, who was at the spot at the appointed time. "The lady has shown exquisite taste in her choice of a waiting-place," he thought; "but surely that is the great clock of the chateau striking twelve, and *le joli Henri*"—"Is here, Signor Primaticcio," said a voice behind; and on turning round, the artist discovered a young man, clad in the habit of a page, the colours of his dress being the same as those of the attendant who followed the lady in the morning.

"Allons, Monsieur, we have no time to lose," said the page, and hastily crossing a small open space between the clump of oaks and a little wood which apparently led to the house, shewed no disposition for further conversation till they turned off through a small gate, of which he had the key, into what appeared to be the private garden of the chateau. Meanwhile Primaticcio, who at first sight thought he recognised in the face of his conductor features which had long been familiar to him, shrugged his shoulders when the likeness which his companion bore to the late King, suggested the possibility of his being the offspring of one of those amours in which Francis so notoriously indulged.

They had now arrived at the chateau, and the page, having warned the artist that they must make as little noise as possible, and be careful lest the King should meet them in any of the apartments, led the way by a private staircase to the armoury, and from thence through the splendid suite of rooms which the royal lover had built and furnished for his beautiful and accomplished mistress.

Primaticcio, who was delighted with the taste and judgment shewn in all the arrangements, expressed himself in terms of the warmest admiration; but his praises were little heeded by the page, who greatly annoyed him by the disrespectful terms in which he spoke of the monarch and the fair partner

of his abode. At last Primaticcio could bear it no longer : " Young man," said he, " you have spoken repeatedly of him who is both your master and my sovereign, in language which it becomes not you to utter nor me to hear ; and of a lady whom, before you reached my knee,"—here the page bit his lip—" I knew for the possessor of many of the most amiable qualities which adorn the sex. Prithee, no more ; such conduct is both uncharitable and ungrateful."

From this time both were silent, till they arrived at the private door of the library. " The King is here," said the page, gently turning the lock, and motioning the artist, that he might enter and view the apartment from behind the arras. Scarcely had he done so, attracted by the voice of some one reading aloud, when the page suddenly closed and locked the door. The artist knew not what to do, for should he be discovered by the King his ruin would be inevitable. But the danger of his situation prompted him to peep through the arras, and reconnoitre who might be in the apartment. He did so, and beheld the celebrated Diana of Poitiers negligently reclining on a sofa, and playing with a fan of peacock feathers, while the poet Ronsard recited to her his last production. In a few moments an opposite door opened, and the King, magnificently attired, entered the room : on his arrival the poet discontinued his reading, and at a signal from his majesty prepared to

leave the Library by the door near which Primaticcio was concealed. As he lifted the arras, the King's voice inquiring who had dared to intrude so unceremoniously into his presence, proclaimed to the affrighted painter that his endeavours at concealment had been fruitless. Cursing the treachery of the page, and dreading lest the resentment of the monarch should fall on the lady who had been the innocent means of placing him in his present predicament, he almost sunk with fear. He was however soon relieved from his embarrassment by hearing the voice of la grande Sénéchale exclaim, "Come forward, Signor Primaticcio, you have nothing to fear but the resentment of the page whom you so properly took to task."

Here was an éclaircissement—his unknown friend proving to be the beautiful Diana of Poitiers, and le joli Henri no less a person than the King himself.

This event proved a fortunate one for Primaticcio: at the command of the King he painted the picture from which the engraving at the head of this article may be supposed to have been taken; and the monarch was so pleased with the work, that the artist became as great a favourite of his as he had been of his father; and often, when he was in a sportive mood, would Henry relate to his courtiers the adventure of Diana of Poitiers and Primaticcio the Painter.

## SUPERSTITION AND GRACE.

AN UNEARTHLY BALLAD.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

---

THERE was an auld carle won'd under yon shaw,  
His cheek was the clay, and his hair was the snaw ;  
His brow was as glazed as a winter night,  
But mingled with lines of immortal light ;  
And forth from his livid lips there flew  
A flame of a lurid murky hue.  
But there was a mystery him within  
That roused up the twangs and terrors of sin ;  
And there was a gleide in that auld carle's ee,  
That the saint and the sinner baith trembled to see.

But, oh ! when the moor gat her coverlet gray,  
When the gloaming had flaughted the night and the  
day,  
When the crows had flown to the greenwood shaw,  
And the kid blett over the Lammer law ;  
When the dew had laid the valley asteep,  
And the gowan had faulelit her buds to sleep ;  
When naething was heard but the merlin's maen,  
Oh then that gyre carle was never his lane.



A bonny wee baby sae meek and mild,  
Then walked with him in the dowy wild ;  
But, oh ! nae pen that ever grew,  
Could describe that baby's heavenly hue :  
Yet all the barmings of sturt and strife,  
And weary wailings of mortel life,  
Would soon have been hushed to endless peace  
At ae blink of that baby's face.

Her brow sae fair and her ee sae meek,  
And the pale rose-bloom upon her cheek ;  
Her locks, and the bend of her sweet ee-bree,  
And her smile might have wakened the dead to see.  
Her snood befringed wi' many a gem  
Was stown frae the rainbow's brightest hem ;  
And her rail, mair white than the snowy drift,  
Was never woven aneath the lift ;  
It threw sic a light on the hill and the gair  
That it showed the wild deer to her lair ;  
And the brown bird of the moorland fell,  
Upraised his head from the heather bell.  
For he thought that his dawning of love and mirth,  
Instead of the heaven was springing from earth ;  
And the fairies waken'd frae their beds of dew,  
And they sung a hymn, and that hymn was new.  
Oh ! Ladies list—for never again  
Shalt thou hear sic a wild unearthly strain.

For they sang the night-breeze in a swoon,  
 And they sang the goud locks frae the moon :  
 They sang the redbreast frae the wood,  
 And the laverock out o' the marled cloud ;  
 The capperkyle frae the bosky brae,  
 And the seraphs down frae the milky way ;  
 And some wee fires of bloodless birth  
 Came out o' the worm-holes o' the earth,  
 And swoof'd sae lightly round the lea,  
 That they wadna kythe to mortal ee ;  
 While the eldrich sang it rage sae shrill  
 That the waesome tod yooled on the hill :  
 Oh ! Ladies list for the choral band,  
 Thus hymned the song of the Fairy-land.

SONG OF THE FAIRIES.

Sing ! sing ! How shall we sing  
 Round the babe of the Spirits' King ?  
 How shall we sing our last adieu,  
 Baby of life when we sing to you ?  
 Now the little night-burdie may cheip i' the wa',  
 The plover may whew and the cock may craw ;  
 For the bairny's sleep is sweet and sure,  
 And the maiden's rest is blest and pure,  
 Through all the links of the lammer-muir :  
 Sin our bonny baby was sent frae heaven,  
 She comes o'ernight with the dew of even ;

And when the day-sky buds frae the main,  
She swaws wi' the dew to Heaven again;  
But the light shall dawn, and the howlet flee,  
The dead shall quake when the day shall be,  
That she shall smile in the gladsome noon,  
And sleep and sleep in the light of the moon.  
Then shall our hallelues wake anew,  
With harp and viol ayrl true.

But well-a-day !

How shall we say

Our earthly adieu ere we pass away ?  
How shall we hallow this last adieu,  
Baby of life when we sing to you ?

King ! king !

Dance and sing,

And on the green broom your garlands hing ;  
Hallow the hopes of this ray of grace,  
For sweet is the smile of our baby's face ;  
And every ghaist of gysand hew  
Has melted away in the breeze she drew ;  
The kelpie may dern in dread and dool,  
Deep in the howe of his eiry pool ;  
Gil-moules frae hind the hallan may flee,  
Through by the threshold, and through by the key,  
And the mermaid moote in the safron sea :  
But we are left in the greenwood glen,  
Because we love the children of men,

Sweetly to sing, and never to rue,  
Till now that we hymn our last adieu  
Baby of life we sing it to you !

Sing ! sing !

How shall we sing  
Round the babe of the spirits' king ?  
Hither the breezes of elfland bring,  
Then fairies away—away on the wing !  
We now maun flit to a land of bliss,  
To a land of holy silentness ;  
To a land where the night-wind never blew,  
But thy fair spring shall ever be new ;  
When the moon shall wake nae mair to wane,  
And the cloud and the rainbow baith are gane,  
In bowers aboon the break o' the day,  
We'll sing to our baby for ever and ay.

Then the carle beheld them swoof along,  
And heard the words of their fareweel sang:  
They seem'd to ling artlent the wind,  
And left a pathway of light behind ;  
But he heard them singing as they flew,  
' Baby of life, adieu ! adieu !  
Baby of grace we sing to you !'

Then the carle he kneeled to that seraph young,  
And named her with a tremulous tongue ;

In cells subaqueous, quaint with weeds  
Fresh gather'd many a fathom deep ;  
In grottos gemm'd with pearly beads  
The Nymphs a festal day shall keep.

The chalky caves shall echoing sound  
To horn and shell of Tritons hoar ;  
And Nereids, in the giddy round  
Of dance, shall print the wave-swept floor.

Sea-heralds too the cliffs shall climb,  
And call from telegraph and towers ;  
With them Æolian airs shall chime,  
To breathe the news to birds and flowers.

The corn-field flowers with azure eyes  
Their truant queen shall welcome home ;  
The larks in livelier lyrics rise  
To hail thee fresh from ocean's foam.

The inland waters, Nethergong,  
And sinuous Stour, the island bourne,\*  
They, too, aroused, shall glide along,  
Like waters that have ceased to mourn.

\* The island of Thanet is bounded by the sea on the northern and eastern sides, by the river Stour on the south, and on the west by the water called the Nethergong.

And when, at last, the spangled hour  
Of glow-worms, stars, and pharos' lights  
Warns beauty to her dew-proof bower,  
A dream-song then thine ear invites.

For, chanting to the vesper wind,  
Mermaidens shall thy praise declare,  
While, sitting on the shore, they bind  
With coral combs their sea-green hair.

But if these shadowy lures should fail  
To draw thy wandering mind's concern,  
A warmer strain may yet prevail  
Than flows from Fancy's mystic urn.

We call thee from the foreign strand,  
In every kind affection's name,  
By every friend's extended hand,  
And every early feeling's claim.

Thou art invoked by home's strong spell  
And memory's persuasive arts ;  
And by that charm thou knowest well,  
Thy beauty's power o'er human hearts.

The drowsy graces dully nod,  
Their wings the airy pleasures fold,  
The quiver of the archer-god  
Inactive keeps its shafts of gold.

Hope slumbers like Indifference mask'd,  
And aimless Feeling wants a mark ;  
While hearts that in thy beauty bask'd,  
Are cold till thy return, and dark.

The clouded senses idly wait  
Until thy presence on them shines ;  
Without the sun, the dial-plate  
Is vainly stored with types and lines.

Come back ! these vapours then shall fleet,  
The spirits upwards lightly pass,  
As fluid silver, cheer'd by heat,  
Ascends its slender tube of glass.

## THE BRIDAL MORNING.

BY HANNAH MARY JONES.

Poor, bankrupt heart! When 't had not wherewithal  
To pay to sad disaster all that was  
Its due, it broke.—Would mine would do so too.

SUCKLING.

ONE of the proudest hearts that ever beat in a woman's bosom was swelling beneath the bridal robes in which Laura Delancey had just attired herself, yet she rejected with scorn and impatience the tribute of admiration which her humble attendants were anxious to offer. There was but one by whom she wished her charms to be appreciated; one only whose homage she thought worthy of her, and he was absent. Yes, mortifying as it was to acknowledge it, Cecil Faulkner, the man to whom she had conceded that honour so eagerly sought, and so earnestly contested, the honour and happiness of being her partner for life, had already exceeded by nearly half an hour the appointed time.

The bride's-maids exchanged glances as Laura's cheek grew paler and paler; and Lady Delancey, as she stood at the window which commanded a full



view of the square, muttered several expressions of anger and impatience. "My dear mother, do not concern yourself," observed Laura, with a laugh which betrayed what it was intended to conceal; "Mr. Faulkner will, I dare say, be here in time; and if he is not, I shall not be the first whom he has left to wear the willow, though you may be assured I shall not break my heart for his inconstancy." "He would not—surely he dare not thus trifle with my daughter;" ejaculated her Ladyship, still keeping her eye on the square, and seeming totally inattentive to all that passed within. "His desertion of Helen Clare was justifiable, though he certainly went too far; but now ——" "I beg, Madam, that no comparisons may be drawn," interrupted Laura, haughtily. "The presumption and art of the girl you mention deserved the mortification met with." "Helen Clare died last night," said a gentleman who had entered unperceived while she was speaking. Laura started; and her mother, turning quickly round, discovered a countenance which, in spite of the rouge that covered her cheeks, was deathly pale. "Your appearance, Mr. Stafford, is unlooked for: how am I to interpret it?" she demanded, making an effort to speak calmly. "I come from Mr. Faulkner, Madam," returned Stafford; "a violent, but I trust transient indisposition, has prevented his keeping his appointment here

this morning ; but I am commissioned, if Miss Delancey will honour me so far, to attend her to church, where he is by this time awaiting her arrival.” “ This is strange ! very strange ! ” exclaimed Laura. Lady Delancey interfered, “ There is no time to discuss the subject now, Laura, Mr. Faulkner will undoubtedly explain.” She rang violently for the carriages ; and in another minute the bride and her fair attendants were seated in one, while Mr. Stafford, with the lady-mother, followed in another. The bridegroom was sitting in a chair in the vestry-room when the bridal train entered : his face was resting on his hand, and one of the persons who stood near him twice announced that the ladies were come before he looked up ; and then what a picture of woe, of horror, and remorse, did that face present ! “ So soon,” he observed, starting as if just awakened from some horrible dream. “ Well, what am I to do—what do they expect of me ? ” Mr. Stafford advanced to him. “ Cecil, recollect yourself : add not to the remorse you already feel by destroying the peace, and wounding the reputation of —— ” “ Well, well ! I know all ; I am willing to do all that they require ; ” and he advanced towards the ladies who were coming up the aisle. His eye rested not an instant on the bride, whose fine features were flushed with a thousand contending passions, and whose piercing dark eyes seemed

to flash fire. It was the crafty, designing mother, whom his anxious gaze sought, and whom he hastily approached. "You have triumphed!" he began; but Mr. Stafford interposed, and Cecil, with a wild and distracted look, placed himself by the side of Laura.

The clergyman commenced reading the sacred ritual, and proceeded without interruption until Laura was called on to reply to the interrogation—"Wilt thou take this man for thy wedded husband?" "No!" she responded, in a firm and audible tone. Cecil fixed on her a look of mingled surprise and exultation, while her mother violently seizing her arm, exclaimed, "Mad, rash fool! what are you doing?" "I am not mad now, Madam," she replied, with calmness. "It is since I have entered this place that I have recovered my senses." "You are an angel," exclaimed Cecil, sinking on one knee, and attempting to take her hand, which, however, she withheld. "No, Sir, I disclaim all right to your adoration!" she replied. "It is for my own sake, not yours, that I reject the honour of your alliance; I can never consent to accept a hand without a heart. Yours is ——" "Buried in the grave of Helen Clare," he wildly interrupted her, "and for this—for this she was murdered. Yes, murdered: your arts and my credulity," he continued, fixing

his fierce and swollen eyes on Lady Delancey, "have murdered her!" "This is too much," her Ladyship exclaimed, every feature being distorted with passion. "Laura, I insist on your instantly leaving this place, unless you take pleasure in seeing me insulted."

The clergyman had closed his book; and advancing to Laura, in whose cheek the crimson hue of anger and resentment had now faded into ashy paleness, he entreated her to let him conduct her from a scene, which to prolong would only be to increase the pain felt by all parties. "I feel it necessary to apologise to you, Sir, for apparent disrespect," observed Laura, "but I assure you it was not premeditated; I meant, even when I approached the altar, to have fulfilled the purpose for which I came hither. Pardon me, I see you about to remonstrate, but my resolution is the result of conviction, not of rash impulse." The clergyman bowed. He saw, indeed, it was vain to remonstrate with one so decided and self-willed; and she re-entered her carriage with that firmness and self-possession which, during this trying scene, never for a moment deserted her.

Not so Cecil Faulkner. Until the moment that the folding doors shut Laura from his view, he seemed unconscious of what was passing; but when recollection returned, shame and regret for the past,

with the anticipation of a wearisome blank & rest of his existence, operated together with severe bodily indisposition which the events of few preceding hours had produced, to render almost unequal to the task of walking to his car.

It was not for some time after this that I saw all the circumstances connected with this extraordinary scene: they were extremely simple; but youth, the beauty, the talents, and I may say the rank of some of the parties, made them interesting to many beside myself, who to all these may add that of personal friendship for more than one of the individuals concerned.

Helen Clare was the daughter of an artist having the honour of a distant relationship to Delancey, had been indebted to her patronage for the fame and emoluments which his talents, even as they really were, would probably not otherwise have procured him. He died young, having followed to the grave a beloved wife, and left to inherit his name and his talents an only daughter. Helen was three years younger than Delancey; and the latter, naturally benevolent and kind-hearted, though as petulant, froward, and capricious as a spoiled child of fortune could be, permitted the cause of the beautiful orphan so effectually to influence him that Helen was taken into her Ladyship's household. Too proud and too vain to have the ali-

idea that Helen could enter into any competition with her, Laura Delancey treated her with kindness until the arrival of Cecil Faulkner from the continent, opened her eyes to the mortifying conviction that the humble Helen was preferred to her.

The immense fortune of which Faulkner was possessed rendered it important to Lady Delancey to secure him for her daughter. She therefore contrived to insinuate suspicions into Faulkner's mind, which effectually destroyed his respect for Helen, and changed his intentions towards her; and under this delusion he dared to make proposals which completely dissipated the hopes and expectations of the beautiful orphan. Too indignant to reply to him, she hastened to communicate to Lady Delancey the insult she had received; and was persuaded by her to retire for a short time into the country, to the house of a friend of her ladyship, observing, that in all probability her absence would bring Mr. Faulkner to his proper senses. In an evil hour, Helen left London under the protection of Lady Delancey's ready friend, Mr. Maudsley, and her ladyship took care that Faulkner should see her depart with the man, whom he had been led to believe was her lover.

It would be tedious to relate the arts by which he was induced to offer his hand to Laura; but the result has been stated. The mark of respect which Maudsley wore towards Helen was thrown aside, when

she repulsed his addresses. He hesitated not to tell her that her reputation was sacrificed by her accepting his protection. She wrote to Lady Delancey, but her letters were returned unanswered. Terrified and harassed on every side, and without a single friend to whom she could look for counsel or assistance, the unfortunate Helen became at last what her worst enemies hoped to make her : but her's was not a heart to exist under a sense of guilt and shame, and in a few months she was in the last stage of a decline. It was then that Maudsley felt the iniquity of his conduct ; and in a moment of contrition he acknowledged to the dying girl the long train of arts and deceptions which had been concerted between him and Lady Delancey. Helen had but one wish in the world : it was a weakness, she confessed, but she should die in peace, she said, could she once more see Cecil Faulkner, and convince him that she had not deserved his conduct. She was conveyed by easy stages to London, and the very night preceding the day appointed for his nuptials, her former lover was conducted to the side of her death-bed. Love and truth lent irresistible eloquence to all Helen uttered ; Faulkner was agonized by her narrative ; and when he beheld her dying before him, he accused himself and Lady Delancey of having murdered her, and declared that no power on earth should compel him to unite himself to Laura.

It was not many months after this event that the public papers announced the marriage of Laura Delancey to a peer, whose age nearly trebled her own; and about the same time Cecil Faulkner, for the first time since the death of Helen Clare, was enabled to mix in society. He had been brought to the verge of the grave by a fever, and a more lamentable change cannot be conceived than that which had taken place in the two persons who had so lately been the envy and admiration of all who knew them. For a short season Laura shone the brightest and gayest in the circle of fashion, but the eye of friendship could discover what the splendor of dress and the mysterious arts of the toilette, and the assumed vivacity of the sufferer, hid from the world, that she was fast fading from a scene which had become hateful to her. A nervous fever soon released her; and, by a striking coincidence, close by the splendid marble which perpetuates her name and high sounding titles, is placed the plain and simple tablet which records the fate of Helen Clare.



## VERSES

BY MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

---

THE following verses are written in the margin of different pages of an illuminated Missal, now in the Imperial library at St. Petersburg, in the unfortunate Mary's own hand.

The first appears to allude to one of the illuminations,

Comme autres fois la renommée  
Ne vole plus par l'univers  
Isy borne son cours divers  
La chose d'elle plus aimée.

MARIE R.

---

The following most likely occurs under the representation of an angel :

Celle que d'honneur sait combler  
Chacun du bruit de sa louange  
Ne peut moins qu' à soi ressembler  
En effet n'estant que un bel ange.

Apparently alluding to the sun,

Les heures, ie guide et le iour  
Par l'ordre exacte de ma carrière  
Quittant mon triste séiour  
Pour isy croistre ma lumière.

---

Un cœur que l'outrage martire  
Par un mépris ou d'un refus,  
A le pouvoir de faire dire  
Je ne suis plus ce que je fus.

MARIE.

---

Si nos penses sont eslevés  
Ne l'estimes pas chose étrange,  
Ils méritent estre aprouvés  
Ayant pour obiet un bel ange.

---

Pour récompense et pour salaire  
De mon amour et de ma foie,  
Rendez m'en ange tutélaire,  
Autant comme ie vous en doye.

Perhaps under a painting of the crucifixion,

En feinte mes amis changent leur bienveillance  
Tout le bien qu'ils me font, est desirer ma mort;  
Et comme si mourant i'estois en défaillance  
Dessus mes vestements ils ons ieté le sort.

---

Alluding to her arms,

Il n'appartient porter ces armes  
Qu' à ceux qui d'un cœur indonté  
Comme nous n'ont peur des allarmes  
Du temps puissant mais sans bonté.

---

Bien plus utile est l'heure que non pas la fortune  
Puisquelle change autant qu'elle est oportune.

---

La viellesse est un mal qui ne se peut guérir  
Et la ieunesse un bien que pas un ne ménage  
Qui fait qu'aussitôt né l'homme est près du mourir  
Et qui l'on croit heureux travaille d'avantage.

Qui jamais d'avantage eust contraire le sort  
Si la vie m'est moins utile que la mort  
Et plus tost que changer de mes maux l'aventure  
Chacun change pour moi d'humeur et de nature.

MARIE R.

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1. The first step in the process is to identify the problem or issue that needs to be addressed. This involves gathering information and understanding the context of the problem.

...

• • • • •

## CLISSON.

---

. . . . . I should guess,  
If e'er Content deign'd visit mortal clime,  
This was her place of dearest residence.

MASON.

---

WHILST the pencil and the pen have been continually exerted to convey an adequate idea of the scenery of Switzerland and Italy, there are many places as rich in natural beauties, and scarcely inferior in historical associations, of which, comparatively speaking, little notice has been taken.

One of the most remarkable of these is the little town of CLISSON, in Brittany, on the vicinity of which Nature has lavished her choicest gifts, and which has been embellished by art with the most appropriate taste. It is not, however, mere picturesque scenery that gives Clisson a claim to the traveller's attention: there are associations connected with it, to the influence of which few can be insensible; for who is there that will not view with intense interest groves through which the beautiful, the faithful, the loving, and beloved Heloise, has wandered; rocks which have echoed her sighs; and a stream whose glassy surface has reflected her lovely image?



to ashes; but two churches, and an hospital, still remain, and the population now consists of about twelve hundred persons. Traversing the banks of the Moine, a very short distance leads to an almost impenetrable thicket of chestnut trees, and the river losing its tranquil character, rushes over the fallen rocks which are heaped in wild confusion.

Returning to the town, the Grotto of Ossian becomes the chief object of attention. Shattered masses of granite strew the foreground, interspersed with the grey trunks of trees, the ramifications of whose branches form a canopy, which excludes the broad glare of daylight from the landscape; and paths hewn out of the rocks, lead to a little labyrinth where the mingled heaps of varied soil bear witness to the early revolutions in the natural world. The Grotto is here conspicuous, and the descriptive scenery assists the illusion of the name, although a cursory glance at the verdant carpet, decked with innumerable roseate gems, contrast strangely with the sterility of the Scottish wilds. The masses of rock which predominate here are perfectly in unison with the scenery: they divide themselves into enormous blocks, which, viewed in every position, present new beauties. Often are their summits concealed by flowering shrubs, while their bases are only discovered by the rushing of the river over those masses

which have been hurled from the height above; and the roar of these waters alone interrupts the stillness of their solitude.

It is, however, in La Garenne, the seat of the late celebrated sculptor, Mons<sup>r</sup>. Le Motte, that the traveller will derive the highest gratification. To approach it, the bridge of the town, and of that dedicated to St. Anthony must be crossed, whence the conjunction of the rivers is discernible. A grove rises on the right bank which is crowned by a temple consecrated to Friendship, and which is introduced into the accompanying view. The hospital is also visible with its fertile garden forming a peninsula which the Sevre has left undisturbed; and the path, with some slight curves follows the course of the river which here almost stagnates, and its great depth impresses the beholder with awe: the very trees seem influenced by the tranquillity of their situation, the oaks let fall their huge branches into the river and appear to borrow the drooping elegance of the weeping-willow. On a massive block, close to the river's side in a circle of rocks, are cut the appropriate verses which Jean Jaques Rosseau wrote on Ermenonville.

O limpide rivière ! O rivière chérie !

Puisse la sotte vanité

Ne jamais dédaigner ta rive humble et fleurie ;

Que ton simple sentier ne soit point fréquenté

Par aucuns tourmens de la vie;  
 Tels que l'ambition, l'envie,  
 L'avarice, et la fausseté,  
 Un bocage si frais, un séjour si tranquille,  
 Aux tendres sentimens doit seul servir d'asile;  
 Ces rameaux amoureux, entrelacés exprès,  
 Aux muses, aux amours, offrent leur voile épais,  
 Et ce cristal d'une onde pure,  
 A jamais ne doit réfléchir,  
 Que les graces de la nature,  
 Et les images du plaisir.

Following a winding path, a gently rising slope  
 leads to a natural grotto. It is here that the mind  
 dwells most on Heloise, to whom with great pro-  
 priety it is dedicated; and the lines which are  
 inscribed on its side happily express the ideas which  
 present themselves :

Héloïse peut-être erra sur ce rivage,  
 Quand aux yeux des jaloux déroband son séjour,  
 Dans les murs du Pallet elle vint mettre au jour  
 Un fils, cher et malheureux gage  
 De ses plaisirs furtifs furtifs et de son tendre amour.  
 Peut-être, en ce réduit sauvage,  
 Seule, plus d'une fois, elle vint soupirer,  
 Et goûter librement la douceur de pleurer;  
 Peut-être, sur ce roc assise,  
 Elle rêvait à son malheur,

J'y veux rêver aussi : J'y veux remplir mon cœur  
Du doux souvenir d'Héloïse !

In following the banks of the river many groupes of rocks are perceptible, on the face of one of which is inscribed this forcible line,

“ Sa masse indestructible a fatigué le tems.”

The opposite hill appears in perspective ; and the eye follows with pleasure the course of the Sevre, which, after a circuitous route, touches again the town of Clisson, and then flows under the arches of a distant bridge. If ruins be an absolute constituent of beauty in a landscape, they are here to be seen in perfection, for few can compete with those of the castle, which are never wholly lost sight of. Tracing the pathway through the narrow glen, a plain opens to the view, whose distinguishing feature is the Museum, which a Mons<sup>r</sup>. Cacaault established. Above this smiling plain is an antique tomb, with the simple and well-known inscription of Poussin—

“ Et in Arcadia ego.”

That great painter is said to have taken many of his scenes from this place, and the landscape in his picture of Diogenes breaking his cup is an exact view of the castle of Clisson. Another prospect of equal interest succeeds ; the Sevre divides itself into seve-

ral estuaries which encircle numerous small islands : these estuaries are encumbered with innumerable rocks with islands clothed with verdure ; and here a column strikes the eye which was originally placed in the castle of Madrid, built by Francis the First. Farther down the river recedes, and forms a bay embellished with shrubs and trees : this place is called Diana's bath ; and the deep shade renders it a cherished retreat from the heat of the sun, while the sound of a neighbouring cascade gives an imaginary freshness to the air before its revivifying powers are actually felt.

A paper mill is another object of interest, with its groups of trees, and its cascade rushing over broken rocks, and whitening them with their foam. To the left, perpendicular masses of granite rise one above the other to a considerable height, and a circular edifice crowns their summit. The rude wildness of these masses forms a contrast to the elegant Grecian structure called "the Temple of Vesta," which commands the view, so magnificent as a whole, yet so simple in its details. A picturesque cottage, constructed of the rough trunks of trees cemented with mud and flints, is the last attraction which I shall notice : a shady and serpentine walk leads to two rocks which are nearly hidden by the thick foliage amidst which they stand, and on

one of them is an inscription at once simple, elegant, and analogous to the sentiments which the cottage inspires ;

Consacrer dans l'obscurité  
Ses loisirs à l'étude, à l'amitié sa vie ;  
Voilà les jours dignes d'envie !  
Etre chéri vaut mieux qu' être vanté !

The castle of Clisson, which frowns majestically over the little town at its base, is now a beautiful ruin, bearing ample evidence of its former strength and importance. Its history is identified with that of the province, from having been the property of one of the most illustrious houses in Brittany, and from the sieges which it has withstood. There is moreover a melancholy interest attached to it, from a well in the middle of the court being the grave of no less than three hundred victims of the Revolution, who having concealed themselves in the adjoining recesses, were torn from them and cruelly murdered. A single cypress rises in funereal grandeur from their remains, and forms a simple and affecting memorial of their fate.

The preceding description conveys but a very inadequate idea of Clisson, which, to be appreciated as it deserves, must be visited. If there be any, who, disgusted with worldly vanities and worldly vices, would retire for a time to a spot where, in the contemplation

of nature, he may seek that calmness of mind, that holy reverence for his Creator, which a view of the most beautiful of his works never fails to inspire ; where, in the language of the Psalmist, he would “ commune with his own heart and be still,” let him pass some weeks at Clisson, and

“ — leave this bias’d, busy world to turn  
On its two stated poles of fraud and folly.”

## THE TROUBADOUR.

BY R. H. KENNEDY, M D.

---

Je ne suis roi, ni Ducs  
Prince ni Conte aussi  
Je suis le Sire De Coucy.

LEGEND OF THE SIRE DE COUCY.

---

Of a lance and sword  
I am prince and lord,  
But neither of manor nor castle, Love ;  
For a lackland Knight,  
With a heart as light  
As his empty scrip, is thy minstrel, Love.

No silver is mine,  
But the stars that shine  
On my tournament sur-coat and sleeve, Love ;  
Nor gold, save my crest,  
And the cross on my breast,  
Which were won from a foe in the field, Love.



My helmet to lace,  
And cuirass to brace,  
And my sword-belt and spurs to fit right, Love;  
And my charger to urge  
Mid the rudest surge  
Of the perilous strife, is my joy, Love.

But thy gay Troubadour,  
When the battle is o'er,  
Joins comrades as blithe as himself, Love,  
Where the song of our bower,  
To the midnight hour,  
Is only of love and of thee, Love.

Nor would I resign  
One smile of thine,  
Nor one touch on my lips from thy lips, Love,  
For the power and place  
Of a Paladin's race,  
For, alas! what were life without thee, Love?

And were there one plain,  
With a crown to gain,  
Or a treasure with sword to be earned, Love;  
And another more dear,  
Where thou shouldst appear  
The prize of a soldier's encounter, Love;

I would pass the one  
Where wealth might be won,  
Nor sigh for the diadem's honor, Love;  
But each rival for thee  
Should abreasted be,  
Till I died or I made thee my own, Love.

---

## AN EVENING THOUGHT.

---

MARK how that cloud, whose blackness blots the skies,  
Beneath yon planet, unillumined, lies ;  
While the bright star with scintillating ray,  
Strives, but in vain, to chase its gloom away.  
So vainly bright, so impotently fair,  
Shines Joy's remembrance, smiling on Despair.

T. E. C.

May 31, 1838.

## THE DIVYSION OF THE EARTHE.

IN IMITATION OF SPENSER, FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

---

Whyleare great Zeus from the Olympian throne  
Look'd downe, and mortalls thus bespeaking cryed,  
" Lo here the Worlde ! take itt, it is youre owne,  
And soe yee brotherlye the same dyvyde,  
Tis your's for aye, whatever chaunce betyde."  
Ne young, ne old, but then incontinent,  
To winne him joyaunce and fair fortune hide ;  
Flowers and fruites ywis the labourer hent  
Whiles chasyng through the grove the youthe aye  
fearlesse went.

The merchaunt then his store-houses 'gan fille,  
His barnes the farmer, and his vattes the prieste ;  
The king yspake, " Lette eache man have his wille,  
And take what lykes him beste from this rich feaste,  
So shalle my taxes bee stille more yncreased."  
Now when long time all had dyvyded beene,  
Appeared the Poet from the distaunt easte :  
Pardie ! ne ought but had its Lord, I ween,  
And in no place around could aught for him be seen !

" Now woe betyde, and am I then alone,  
 Of all withaulten from thy sovenaunce,  
 Whom thou as dearest sonne whyleare didst  
 owne ?"

Soe burst hee forth in cryes of doloraunce,  
 And at Jove's feet 'gan weep his sad mischaunce.  
 " Mee blame not," said the God, " that thou delayed,  
 From thy fonde londe of dreames betymes t'ad-  
 vaunce,

Where tarried thou whiles mortalls forby made,  
 Dyvysion of the Earthe ?" " With thee," the Poet  
 saide.

" Upon thy face resplendant hung myne eyne,  
 Thy Heaven's harmonie entraunced my ear,  
 Oh, pardon ! that amiddest thy lighte divine  
 My soule yrappt, forgot the earthlie sphere !"

" Deare sonne," quoth Jove, " how may I soothe  
 thy dreare ?

Chase, market, harvest, ne ought else I see,  
 Are longer mine to give ; then wilt thou here  
 With mee in Heaven abide, I promise thee  
 Henceforth, whene'er thou come, the entraunce  
 shall be free."

M. S.

SONNET.

---

IN summer days, when summer skies shone bright,  
Love came to me with archly smiling mien,  
A butterfly his infant hands between ;  
“ And, oh !” he cried, “ survey this form so light,  
Its beauteous azure wings tipped o’er with white ;  
It beams of pleasure, gay and sweet, I ween,  
Is not like me this lovely being seen,  
Do we not both to ceaseless joys invite ?”  
“ True, true, fair Love !” I answered, “ and add this,  
In nought so much art thou resembling seen  
This emblem fair of immortality ;  
Than that when caught, like it, your beauties cease,  
Having like it, assured too crédulous men  
Of immortality, like it you die !”

S.

**A MOTHER'S LAMENT OVER HER DEAD  
INFANT.**

How can I weep ! the tear of pain  
Thy placid beauty would profane,  
Darken thy cheeks' unsullied snow,  
And wet the white rose on thy brow.

How can I sigh ! the breathing deep,  
My baby, might disturb thy sleep ;  
And thou, with that unclouded smile,  
Wouldst seem rebuking me the while.

How can I grieve ! when all around  
I hear a sweet unearthly sound ?  
The waving of my cherub's wings,  
The hymn my infant-angel sings.

Yet, lovely, tranquil as thou art,  
It was so cruel to depart,  
To close on me thy laughing eye,  
Unclasp thy little arms, and die !

But one hath whisper'd, Love ! to thee,  
" Suffer my Child to come to me."  
Then, Saviour ! meekly I resign  
My baby, now for ever thine. J.

## FROM THE ITALIAN.

BY COMMANDER CHARLES HUTCHINSON, R. N.

---

As o'er a bright and rapid rill  
A self-enamoured rose was bending,  
A loveliness more lovely still  
The waters to her image lending ;  
An envious gust, with ruthless power  
Of all her leaves despoiled the flower.

Her leaves the brooklet's mirror strewed,  
O'er which they smiled so sweet before ;  
The brook its heedless path pursued :  
They past, and were beheld no more :  
And thus, alas ! without a stay,  
The bloom of beauty flits away !

## THE INDIAN MARINER'S HYMN.\*

BY R. H. KENNEDY, M. D.

---

WHEN rude the storm, when rough the sea  
Rolls o'er the reefs, when sinks the mind,  
The anxious heart is turned to thee,  
Dread ruler of the wave and wind.

From forth that cloudy throne, thine eye  
Beams o'er the waste the wardour's glance,  
Thine ear receives the suppliant sigh,  
Thine arms embrace the vast expanse.

We own thy presence, and implore  
Thy aid omnipotent, and pour  
Scant offerings of a scanty store,  
The oil, the bread, the fruit, the flower.

\* To Mahe Luxime, off Danoo. The hill dedicated to Mahe Luxime is a singular cloud-capt funnel-shaped hill, in the range of the Kandiesh Ghaust, and about thirty miles from the sea, due eastward of Danoo, lat. 18. N. on the Bombay coast. Prayers are always made, and offerings thrown into the sea, on passing Danoo, and Mahe Luxime is invoked.



Our poor but faithful sacrifice  
Thus on the beating billow shed,  
Floats, not unmarked by heavenly eyes,  
As weeds upon the ocean spread ;  
  
'Twill rise when stern the stormy sea  
Breaks o'er the deck, when fails the mind,  
And trembling hope looks up to thee  
To still the wave and hush the wind.

---

## IN IMITATION OF SHAKESPEARE.

---

I SAW a Maid let fall a tender tear,  
Which, as it travell'd down her virgin cheek,  
Did better tell me of her bosom's care,  
Than all the language which her tongue could speak.  
Anon she smil'd, and in her cheeks she wore  
Two dimples, such as Venus' self might own,  
Where Cupid nestling with his golden store  
Quick as I gaz'd, an arrow had let flown ;  
I felt its smart, and straightway did devise,  
That Love, from smiles, not tears, doth take its rise.

### SONNET TO THE MOON.

---

OH ! thou who mak'st a second day of night,  
Resplendent orb of eve, pale Cynthia, hail !  
Whose amber beams diffuse a placid light,  
As thou along the spangled arch dost sail ;  
Now as I stray within the forest's maze,  
Dwelling on her whose chilling frowns I bear,  
Methinks, mild Queen, with pitying eye you gaze  
On where I stand, enwrapt in moody care,  
Ah ! well you may, for oft at day-light's close,  
Soft eye of night ! to thee my tale of woe  
With yonder mournful minstrel I disclose ;  
And though in vain my sorrows still shall flow,  
Still, like Vaclusa's bard, will I reveal  
Those griefs of Love which none but Love can heal.

G.

## L I F E.

BY MISS EMILY TAYLOR.

---

“ WHAT is the gift of life ?”

Speak thou, in young existence revelling ;  
To thee it is a glorious, god-like thing ;  
Love, Hope, and Fancy lead the joyous way,  
Ambition kindles up her living ray.  
There is a path of light mark'd out for thee,  
A thornless path, and there thy way shall be :  
A thousand spirits by thy side shall fall,  
But thou shalt live, and look beyond them all ;  
Yes, Life indeed may seem a joyous thing.

“ What is the gift of Life ”

To thee, subdued and taught by wisdom's voice,  
Wisdom of stern necessity, not choice ?  
Whose cup of joy is ebbing out in haste,  
Who has no fountain to supply the waste ;  
Whose spirit, like some traveller gazing round  
On broken columns in the desert ground,  
Sees but sad traces on a lonely scene,  
Of what Life was, and what it might have been ;  
Oh ! is not Life a sad and solemn thing ?

“ What is the gift of Life ”

To him who reads with Heav'n-instructed eye ?  
'Tis the first dawning of eternity ;  
The future Heaven just breaking on the sight ;  
The glimmering of a still increasing light ;  
Its cheering scenes foretastes of heav'nly joy,  
Its storms and tempests sent to purify :

Oh ! is not Life a bright inspiring thing ?

“ What is the gift of Life ”

To him whose soul through this tempestuous road  
Hath past, and found its Home, its Heav'n, its God ?  
Who sees the boundless page of knowledge spread,  
And years, as boundless, rolling o'er his head ;  
No cloud to darken the celestial light ;  
No sin to sully, and no grief to blight ;

Is not that better life a glorious thing ?

## THE SONG OF THE SWORD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF C. T. KÖRNER.\*

---

THOU sword upon my side,  
Why glance thy beams so wide ?  
Fair art thou in my sight,  
Thou art my joy, delight.  
Hurrah !†

“ Me doth a brave knight bear,  
Therefore I shine so fair ;  
I guard a free man's right,  
That brings the sword delight,  
Hurrah !”

Good sword ! yes ! I am free,  
And from my soul love thee,  
As though upon my side  
Though wert a lovely Bride !  
Hurrah !

\* Composed a few hours before the Death of the Author.

† At every Hurrah ! the swords are clashed.

“ To thee for woe or weal,  
I gave my Life of steel ;  
    Oh ! that we married were—  
    Thy Bride when wilt thou bear ?  
        Hurrah ! ”

The trumpet's solemn warning  
Marks our bridal morning ;  
    When yonder cannons bray  
    I bear my Love away !  
        Hurrah !

“ Oh ! blest by thee embraced,  
Thou bridegroom, bear me ! haste !  
    In keen desire I wait ;  
    My wreath doth thee await.  
        Hurrah ! ”

Why clashest thou for fight,  
Thou iron joy so bright ?  
    Within thy sheath so wild  
    Why clashest thou, my child ?  
        Hurrah !

“ I clash within the sheath,  
To meet the strife of death ;  
    Wild longing for the foe,  
    Thou seest me clashing so.  
        Hurrah ! ”

In thy small house abide ;  
What wilt thou here, sweet Bride ?  
    Stay, in thy chamber stay,  
    Soon bear I thee away.  
    Hurrah !

“ Thy love then quickly prove,  
Oh ! Garden fair of Love,  
    Where blood-red roses grow,  
    And death is seen to blow.  
    Hurrah !”

Now from the sheath arise,  
Delight of warrior's eyes,  
    Come out, come out, my sword :  
    I will fulfil my word.  
    Hurrah !

“ How joyous is the air !  
The bridal dance how fair !  
    The steel, mid sunny beams,  
    In bridal splendour gleams.  
    Hurrah !”

Up, up ! ye warriors bold,  
Ye German Knights of old,  
    Your heart the loved one warms,  
    Then take her to your arms.  
    Hurrah !

Erst on the left she threw  
Stol'n beams, concealed and few ;  
God, on the other side,  
Doth bless the chosen bride.  
Hurrah !

With glowing love imprest,  
Her bridal mouth be prest,  
Then to your arms receive her,  
And cursed be they who leave her !  
Hurrah !

Now may the loved one sing  
And beams around her fling ;  
The bridal morn gleams wide—  
Hurrah ! thou Iron Bride !  
Hurrah !

M. S.



## MACIAS EL ENAMORADO.\*

### A FRAGMENT.

---

#### I.

Love, mighty spirit ! thou reign'st paramount,  
Proudly dispensing hopes and anxious fears ;  
Thy thronging suppliants, who, alas ! shall count ?  
Breathed on by thee, the fading cheek appears  
Radiant with laughter, and the soft smile cheers,  
Like fairy-spell, the whilome scorner : thou  
Fillest young Beauty's eye with flowing tears  
Of slighted fondness ; and the lover's brow,  
Sunned by thy morning ray, is all o'erclouded now !

#### II.

Joy's shout was wafted on the charmed air,  
While the broad moon her silver light was lending,  
And midnight revelry was holding there  
Her wanton court, whilst gayest songs ascending  
Floated like genii-strains ; and flowers were blending  
Their perfumes with the panting breeze ; and eyes,  
As darted stars, were rapid glances sending  
On passionate lovers, whose half-breathed sighs,  
Full well confess'd the sway of young Love's witcheries.

\* For the story of Macias the Spanish poet, and entitled the "Enamorado," see the introduction to M. Wiffen's translation of the Poems of Garcilasso de la Vega.

## III.

And at this hour, at this enchanted hour,  
When all around is work of *faërie*,  
Deep in his dungeon lies the Troubadour,  
The young Macias. He hath bent to thee,  
Proud God, in mute and deep idolatry ;  
But thou, hard-hearted, long hast mock'd his groan,  
And his sole food is bitter memory !  
For lost, rash youth,—to beauty's honied tone  
His willing ear he lent—he fell—and is *alone* !

## IV.

*Alone*, and in a dungeon dark confined !  
But yet the form whose rosy smile once shone  
And sunned his brow, is now deep, deep enshrined  
Within his heart of hearts ; the smile is gone,  
Swift as a falling star : but yet upon  
Those lips full fraught with poisoned sorceries  
He, maddening, fed—till charmed, enthralled, undone,  
He felt that though bright beauty of the skies  
The radiant semblance show, it mocks, and, mocking,  
flies.

## V.

And there he lies ! In many a bloody field  
Once he shone forth, the choicest cavalier,  
Known by his morion plume and moony shield,  
Whilst graceful bearing of his ashen spear

Ne'er knew his manly heart the taint of fear ;  
And he hath proved to gathered foes a rock,  
Proud in its lofty might :—tis nought : appear,  
Thou Loveliness, and he, who erst could mock  
The battle's turbid waves, quick yieldeth to thy shock!

## VI.

Oh ! that the shrine all consecrate to love  
Should by a worthless wretch, devoid of heart,  
Be e'er polluted ; or the gentle dove,  
Rife with affection, feel the poisoned smart  
(Incurable) of cold desertion's dart !  
Oh ! that stern fate a blooming form beneath  
A loathsome corpse should bind—which can impart  
Nought but rank pestilence—so that the breath  
Ev'n now all fragrance, be impregnated with death !

## VII.

Such was the being who her heart—her all,  
That Woman hath of treasure, freely gave  
To one that in despite of marriage thrall  
Sighed his soft tale, and knelt her lowly slave.  
And that same form, that in the darksome grave  
Of ill-requited love had slumbered long,  
Uprose, a fresh-plumed phoenix, and could brave  
The eye of guilt, and dare the barrier strong  
Of duty, when she heard the young Macias' song.

## VIII.

They saw—they loved—they were beloved—on mute  
And silent wings their deep-felt rapture flew ;  
And oft the Knight would wake his joyous lute,  
And, as his fingers o'er the chords he drew,  
Would utter spells ; whilst her soft eyes of blue  
Shot forth bright beams, responsive to his kiss,  
In silent eloquence : but fleeting-few  
Are pleasure's moments ; and, alas ! to this  
Ages of pain succeed :—and such is human bliss !

## IX.

For he, the heartless reptile ! who had run  
His course thro' lust's defilement—folly's maze,  
And left the flower which turned to him—her sun  
Of earthly hope—to waste its youthful days  
In deep despair, the while his fevered gaze  
He fed on objects of depraved desire :—  
This wretch, the lord of that young form, whose rays  
Might fondest love in coldest breasts inspire,  
Heard of his lady's fall, and burned with vengeful ire.

## X.

On him affix of that dread crime the stain ;  
His—his the deed ; had he with pious care  
Fond cherished her, the costly gem, whose gain  
Princes might proudly boast, nor in despair  
(Tho' offered oft to him, affection's pray'r)

Have left her long to mourn, in widowhood,  
She ne'er had fallen into guilt's dark snare,  
But for thee,—wretch accurst!—would she have stood  
The essence, heavenly bright, of all that's fair and  
good!

## XI.

Thus is it oft: the form that in the track  
Of heaven high soars—oh! pity tho' ye blame—  
Neglect ungrateful, quickly turneth back;—  
And he, her *marriage*-lord, with soul as tame  
As warms the abject slave, would not the shame,  
Blistering his honour, keen avenge, but sought  
His prince's car, base miscreant! and came  
To tell his tale—a tale with falsehood fraught,—  
Of treachery, carnage, blood—ev'n so his vengeance  
wrought.

## XII.

What his right arm refused, his tongue, with lies  
All specious, soon achieved—wind trembling Fear,  
How oft thou stalkest under Manhood's guise!  
The name of him who in the bold career  
Of noble daring shone so great, is sear  
And tarnished as a traitor's. Ah! fond Knight,  
Deep, deep thou liest in a dungeon drear;  
That form thou lov'st—so fair!—those eyes, so bright!  
No longer now appear, to thrill thee with delight!

## XIII.

But still hath dungeon, absence, gyves no change  
Brought to that heart; still, still with passion's fire  
That heart is fever'd, and in gladsome range  
O'er Memory's bowers, with wings that never tire,  
His Fancy strays, and Feeling doth acquire  
Fresh impulse from restraint :—the farther flies  
That object which on earth we most desire,  
The more we seek it with o'er-anxious eyes,  
The more its distant beauties do we wishful prize.

## XIV.

And she,—the lov'd, the lost, defil'd, undone,—  
Wept life away in secret agony.—  
That trance so blissful, which, yet scarce begun,  
By Fate should be destroyed thus ruthlessly !  
Fond Woman loves,—ah ! how devotedly !  
Oh, that her breast, the purest, fairest shrine  
For heavenly, pure, angelic chastity,  
Should e'er be sullied by a stain, or pine  
With fond desire, poor guilty fair one, like to thine !

## XV.

High in his dungeon-vault, full high was set  
A narrow casement, which the blessed rays  
Of orient morn let in ; a parapet  
Extended wide beyond ; there day by day,  
The husband of his love would wend his way,

That chasing down the captive's cheek the tear  
He might behold, or mark him wildly pray,  
Brain-stung with madness, or his curses hear ;  
Foil'd in his fiend-like wish, these lute-strains meet  
his ear.

## I.

Lord Roland came to his lady's bower,  
Where oft he had whisper'd his fondest sighs ;  
And his young love erept in that moonlight hour  
To gaze on the youth with her star-bright eyes.  
Oh ! soft maiden's eyes to her own lover's suit  
Will utter deep vows, tho' her rose-lips be mute ;  
And oh ! the deep magic of soft maiden's kiss  
Gives a lover the foretaste of Eden's bliss.

## II.

Lord Roland came to the bower, but where  
Is she of that bower, the gay, fairy queen ?  
Dissolved is the deep spell if she be not there—  
Aye, she, the young Peri, to gladden the scene !  
Come, come then, thou beauty, thy true love is here,  
But his bosom is troubled with hope and with fear ;  
Without thee would moments like dull ages feel,  
But with thee long ages like spell-moments steal !

## XVI.

The warrior minstrel thus waa gladly singing  
The lay, which he enraptur'd breathed of late

To her, whose laughter-loving eyes were flinging  
Delicious rapture o'er her soul, and Hate,  
Deep Hate, athirst for blood—insatiate,  
To that high casement led her lord,—apart,  
As was his wont, in wrath he listening sate :—  
He heard the song ; with madness stung, a dart  
Well-poised and sure he hurl'd, and pierced the Poet's  
heart !

---

## THE HOLY VENGEANCE,

FOR THE MARTYRDOM OF GEORGE WISHART.

---

GIF God, wha gave the warld ane law,  
Had made it manifest to a',  
Than mickle bluidshed had been spared,  
Nor this maist tragic tale been heard.

Tis simple truth, undeckt by art ;  
A blessed martyr, George Wishart,  
By Reformation lost his lyfe ;  
That Reformation suld breed stryfe !

At Cardnall Beaton's popishe door  
George Wishart's frends his dede did score ;  
They markt fu' weel the Castell-yate,  
Where, like a Pope, he dwelt in state.



Mirk<sup>1</sup> was the nycht ; saft o'er the moat  
 Bletes<sup>2</sup> to the wa' Iohn Leslie's boat;  
 Forth stept he with Pates Carmichèll,  
 Syne<sup>4</sup> followit haly James Melvèll.

The chalmer-chylde,<sup>5</sup> wha sleepit nych,  
 Strate stertit up, and schill<sup>6</sup> gan cry,  
 " Awake, Lord Cardinall, awake ;  
 Tul yer twa-honded sworde betake."

" Now Jesu bless us !" Beaton prayd,  
 What gars my chalmer-chylde afrayd ?  
 Gif ony danger lurketh nych,  
 God's Mother help us speedyly !"

He than unschet<sup>7</sup> the wyndowe strate ;  
 " What means sic rapping at my yate ?"  
 " Unbarr, unbarr, proud priest o' hell !  
 Thy wicked lyfe we're sworn to quell."

Toward the postern flit his feet ;  
 His ferefu' fomen they nych meet !  
 Back tul his chalmer<sup>8</sup> fast they flee ;  
 The doore is schet<sup>9</sup> anenst<sup>10</sup> the three,

1 Dark.            2 Floats.            3 Pate, the diminutive of Peter.

4 Then.            5 Chamberlain.            6 Shrill or loud.

7 Opened.            8 Chamber.            9 Shut.            10 Against.

“ Help, Jesu ! help !—God’s Mother aid !  
 To die thy priest is not afraid :  
 But a’ my sinnes ripe on my hede,  
 Let no’ this nycht, Lord, be my dede !<sup>1</sup>

Now help me, my gude chalmer-chylde ;  
 Help me keep out sic villaines vilde.  
 Anenst the doore the kest<sup>2</sup> faste holde,  
 Whylst I seek hidlis<sup>3</sup> for my golde.”

“ Hy !<sup>4</sup> ope the doore !” they ding and ca’  
 And thruste ; the chalmer-chylde doth fa’ :  
 The Cardinall spake never worde,  
 Till he had clipt<sup>5</sup> his twa-armd sworde.

“ Now, tell me, fallowis ! quoth he, bolde,  
 Are ye nycht-ryvirs,<sup>6</sup> seekyng golde ?  
 Or are ye, whyche I maist do feare,  
 Curst Heretickes assemblit here ?”

“ Nae Heretickes, thou Popishe priest !  
 Like Babylon-whore in scarlet drest,  
 Bot<sup>7</sup> sons o’ Reformation pure,  
 Wha can thy sinnes nae mair endure.

1 Death.

4 Hast ye.

2 Chest,

5 Clutched.

7 But.

3 Hiding-places.

6 Robbers.

Leslie, my name." "What ! Normond ? say !  
 He is my frend"—he answerit "nay !  
 Content yersel, my name is Ihon ;  
 Except us three ye sal get nane.

"Ope than the doore, mak nae mair stryfe."  
 "Say, gif I do ye'll spare my lyfe !"  
 "It may be that we wull."—"Nay, sweare  
 By Godis woundes,—and Jesu heare."

"We wul no' sweare by Godis woundes  
 To spare the lyves of Popishe houndes !  
 Bot mak the floore thy deathis bedde,  
 For that we spake is now unsed."

To rayse his menze,<sup>1</sup> fast slomerand <sup>2</sup> nych,  
 "Fyre ! fyre !" the Cardinall gan cry :  
 "He ca's for fyre," quoth they, and floute ;  
 "'Twere pittie fyre he wente withoute."

They brast<sup>3</sup> the doore, and beare in fyre ;  
 "Here, Cardinall, is thy desire."  
 Then thruste their flambis<sup>4</sup> in his face.  
 Reformers suld ha' had mair grace.

<sup>1</sup> Followers, attendants.

<sup>2</sup> Slumbering.

<sup>3</sup> Burst open.

<sup>4</sup> Lighted torches.

He, dantil,<sup>1</sup> staggerit tul a chaire :  
 " I am a priest," he cryd, " beware !  
 An holy manne, devote, to God :  
 Ye wall no' slaye me ? feare His rod !"

Ihon Leshe straik him anis or twyis,<sup>2</sup>  
 And waxil wrothe—that was his vice.  
 Pate Carmichell, baith brym<sup>3</sup> and strang,  
 Wi' ane blow strekit<sup>4</sup> him endlang.

James Melvell than, of gentill molde,  
 Their wrathfu' hands did fra him holde.  
 Like Casca and curst Cassius they ;  
 Like Brutus, Melvell mild gan say,

" This wark is needfu' to be done ;  
 Bot be nae hate or malice shewn !  
 Eache holy steppe be gravely trod  
 Untul the judgment-seate of God !"

His grundin-glaves forgane the breast  
 Of Beaton Melvell, sighyng, preat :  
 " Repente thee of thy foule misdeed !  
 Repente that Wishart thou gar'dst bleed,

1 Overcome.

2 Once or twice.

3 Fierce.

4 Stretched.

5 Sharpened sword.

Whase bluid, blest martyr ! brunt<sup>1</sup> in fyre  
Thy bluid in vengeance dothe require !  
Than praie to Heaven thy soule to save ;  
Thy body's sinkyng tul its grave.

And whyle thou praiest let me proteste  
Before my God ; sae may I reste,  
And this appeare to gude men's ene<sup>2</sup>  
A sacrifice, nae murderous scene.

Tis for nae love unto thy pelf,  
Ne ony hatred to thyself,  
Ne drede of harme thou couldst me do,  
That thus thy lyfe I now pursue.

Bot for the love to Christe I beare,  
O that a' were like me sincere !  
Sae now prepare for thy death-stroke,  
Sin a' I meant to say is spoke."

The Cardnall beg'd, the Cardnall praied ;  
To melte or move them sair assaied :  
He offerit jewells, garmentes, golde,  
Their sanguane purpose<sup>3</sup> to withholde.

<sup>1</sup> Burnt.

<sup>2</sup> Eyes.

<sup>3</sup> Bloody.

They proving deaf, he praied to Heaven  
That a' his crimes might be forgiven :  
For Melvell too he pardon craved,  
And cryd, " that Wishart had been saved !"

These orisons were scante out-breath'd,  
Ere in his herte their swordes were sheath'd ;  
His laste wordes were, withoute a moane,  
" Tak thy priest, God ! fra earthe I'm gone !"

---

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

---

THE Queen of night shone from her starr'd domain,  
And o'er the scene her silver splendour threw,  
When homewards, as I pass'd the tranquil plain,  
T'wayds the drear mansions of the dead I drew.

It was the hour when shrouded spectres rise  
To summon guilt, or cheer some weeping friend,  
When, lo ! a female met my wond'ring eyes,  
As o'er a tomb I saw her pensive bend.

Secluded from the rabble's giddy noise,  
O'er the remains of one to memory dear,  
She paused, to muse on past and fleeting joys,  
And pay the tribute of Affection's tear.

Array'd in garment white as Alpine snows,  
Forlorn and pallid was the lovely maid ;  
Her lap contain'd each flower that wildly blows,  
To deck the grave where him she mourn'd was laid.

Wild and unsettled was the virgin's look,  
And, as a chaplet for her tresses fair,  
She'd stole the willow from the murmuring brook :  
Her languid eyes seem'd sunk in deep despair.

And now she sung ; not e'en sweet Philomel  
E'er warbled half so mournful, sadly sweet ;  
While from her lily hand the flow'rets fell,  
And strew'd the grassy tomb beneath her feet.

And now her bosom wildly throb'd with woe,  
Nor longer could the nymph her sorrows speak,  
Save by the tears which from her eyes did flow,  
And wash'd with Misery's dew each faded cheek.

Convuls'd she stood, then sunk upon the grave :  
I flew and snatch'd her from the icy sod ;  
But vain my efforts Anna's life to save,  
Her spirit pure had flown unto her God.

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THE FAMILY OF SIR THOMAS MORE.



1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.



British history ; and as there are very few to whom the life of SIR THOMAS MORE, Chancellor to King Henry the Eighth, and one of the most illustrious and innocent of his victims, is not familiar, no more will be said of him than is necessary to recal to the mind of the reader what must long since have been impressed on it ; whilst greater attention will be paid to those persons who are introduced, of whose lives but little is generally known.

Sir Thomas More was the only son of Sir John More, a Judge of the King's Bench, and was born in Milk Street, in London, in 1480, being in 1530 when this picture was painted, fifty years old. At a very early period of his life he gave such indications of the talents for which he was afterwards conspicuous, that Cardinal Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury, in whose household he was placed, prophetically remarked, " this child, here waiting at the table, whosoever shall live to see it, will prove a marvellous man." At Oxford, he rapidly attained the learned languages ; after which he was entered of New Inn, and then removed to Lincoln's Inn, where he was called to the bar, and followed his profession with great success. In 1502 he became a Member of Parliament, and distinguished himself in such a manner in opposing a grant for the marriage of Henry the Seventh's eldest daughter, the Queen of Scots, that the King was told a beardless

boy had prevented its being passed, in revenge for which he sent his father, the Judge, to the Tower, for some ordinary offence, who was heavily fined before he was set at liberty. The fame of young More's abilities having reached the ears of Henry the Eighth, his Majesty persuaded him to enter his service, and immediately gave him the situation of Master of the Requests, soon afterwards knighted him, and made him a member of his Privy Council. His wit and universal talents so effectually gained favour of his sovereign, that he treated him with extraordinary condescension and familiarity, of which several stories are preserved. In 1518 Sir Thomas became Treasurer of the Exchequer, and five years afterwards was chosen Speaker of the House of Commons: having filled several other high offices with invariable credit and success, Henry selected him, in 1529, to be the successor to Cardinal Wolsey, as Lord Chancellor.

After executing the duties of that high station with singular zeal and impartiality, he resigned it in May, 1532, because he would not countenance the destruction of a Church, to which he was a most faithful and devoted servant. His retirement was not attended with the security, either to his person or conscience, which he anticipated; for having uniformly opposed Henry's divorce from Katharine of Arragon, he rendered himself obnoxious both to

his Master and to the new Queen : and by refusing to attend her coronation his fate became sealed. The first attack against him was an accusation of misprision of treason for his conduct in the affair of the impostor, the Maid of Kent, but the evidence adduced against him was too weak to produce a conviction. A crisis was however at hand, from which no honest man could escape. In 1534 the Act of Supremacy appeared, and More, sincerely devoted to the faith of his ancestors, refused to swerve from it, by acknowledging Henry to be the head of the Church of England. He was imprisoned, arraigned of high treason, and on most scandalous testimony, pronounced guilty. The usual penalty of being hanged, drawn, and quartered, was commuted into simple decapitation, a boon which Sir Thomas acknowledged by one of those lively sallies for which he was as celebrated as for his graver talents : " God forbid," said he, " the King should use any more such mercy unto any of my friends ; and God bless all my posterity from such pardons." He was beheaded at Tower Hill on Tuesday the 6th of July, 1535, being then in his fifty-fifth year, and suffered not merely with fortitude, but with cheerfulness. On perceiving that the scaffold was very weakly constructed, he observed to the Lieutenant of the Tower, " I pray you, Sir, see me safe up ; and for my coming down let me shift for myself ;" and after

having placed his head on the block, he requested the executioner to wait until he had removed his beard on one side, to prevent its being cut off, "*for that,*" he observed, "had committed no treason." Such is an imperfect outline of the life of this eminent personage ; but great as were his public virtues, his domestic character possesses the strongest claims to our esteem. To the incorrupt judge, the honest statesman, the profound philosopher, we concede our respect : we admire his learning ; and we venerate the religious enthusiasm which made him a martyr to his faith ; but when we follow him into his home, and see the greatest man of his age and country, the most dutiful of sons and most affectionate of fathers, the kindest of husbands, the sincerest of friends, the liveliest of companions, and, in a word, the sun which gave life and happiness to all who depended upon or moved around him, it is impossible to withhold from his memory the affection which, when living, he inspired all who approached him. Of his domestic life the engraving presents us with a striking idea : we almost imagine ourselves among the interesting group ; and we are carried by a magical influence, which few other paintings produce, to the very fire-side of this illustrious family. Leaving to the historian the relation of those public services which rank Sir Thomas More among the first statesmen and judges of his own or any other times,



the remainder of this sketch of him will be confined to his private life.

It is a remarkable fact that biography and painting should combine to perpetuate the memory of the More family in a manner of which there is no other example; for besides the painting, of which the annexed plate is an engraving, there is a similar picture taken at another period; and the best memoirs of Sir Thomas were written by his relatives, the one by his son-in-law, William Roper, Esq. who lived sixteen years in his house, and the other by his great grandson Cresacre More. Family pictures are in themselves strong evidence of the affection of those who cause them to be painted; for those who are indifferent to the kindly feelings of social life rarely desire to be handed down to posterity in the midst of their children. When about to sit for their portraits, men generally select a costume or situation indicative of their rank or talents, or of some scene of their triumphs; and it is he only who anchors his happiness and his ambition on his home, that wishes to be identified with his family, and to commemorate the happiness which that home affords him. At the age of twenty-five Sir Thomas married his first wife Jane, daughter of John Colt of New Hall, in Essex, Esquire. The circumstances attending their union are singular, and admit of the inference that his heart was more subservient

to reason, than, according to modern opinions, an ardent lover's ought to be. Mr. Colt having, we are told, three marriageable daughters, invited More to his house, when he placed his affections on the second daughter, who was the handsomest; but "when he considered that it would be both great grief and some shame also to the eldest, to see her younger sister preferred before her in marriage, he then, of a certain pity, framed his fancy towards her, and married her." By her he had all his children, one son and three daughters; and two or three years after her death he married the lady who occurs in the picture, and who will therefore be separately mentioned.

The various personages who formed the domestic circle of Sir Thomas More at his house at Chelsea, in 1530, and who are therefore represented in this interesting painting, will now be introduced to the reader's particular notice. It is scarcely necessary to observe, that the middle-aged person in the centre of the group, under the clock, is

I. SIR THOMAS MORE. He is dressed in dark-coloured robes over a red vest; and has his hands, which are folded together, partly concealed by the sleeves of his gown. Round his neck is a gilt collar of S. S. with a rose suspended to it, and at his feet a small white dog is seated, of the breed called *Bologna shocks*. Above Sir Thomas is written—

"*Thomas Morus, anno 50.* Of his person, his great grandson has given the following description, which agrees with the impression conveyed by his portrait. "He was of mean stature, well proportioned, his complexion tending to phlegmatic; his colour white and pale; his hair neither black nor yellow, but between both; his eyes grey; his countenance amiable and cheerful;" and he adds, "his voice was neither big nor shrill, but speaking plainly and distinctly; it was not very tunable, though he delighted much in music; his body reasonably healthful, only that towards his latter time, by using much to write, he complained of pains in his breast." Erasmus tells us that he was in the habit of carrying one shoulder higher than the other, which gave him the appearance of being slightly deformed, and that his hands were larger than agreed with perfect symmetry. Immediately on his right sits

II. SIR JOHN MORE, his father, one of the Judges of the Court of King's Bench, in the robes of which office, of red cloth lined with ermine, he is habited: he wears a black cap on his head, and over him is written, *Johannes Morus, pater, anno 76.* Of Sir John's character very little is known; but he must have been possessed of greater merits than are usually ascribed to him, since he was the founder of his family. He was born about 1455: in 1505 was made a Serjeant at Law; and thirteen years after-

wards was raised to the dignity of a Judge of the Court of King's Bench. As he was never promoted, a mean opinion has been formed of his talents; and this impression is inferentially confirmed by two circumstances—the one, that excepting in revenge for his son's conduct in the House of Commons, he escaped the political dangers with which his times were pregnant, being perhaps too insignificant to be cared for; and the other, that in the epitaph written by Sir Thomas, he is described as being courteous, innocent, meek, merciful, just, and honest, but nothing is said of his wisdom. During the year in which he and his son were contemporary Judges, the latter frequently exhibited the most touching examples of filial piety. Though holding the higher office of Chancellor, he was accustomed, on passing through Westminster Hall to his own Court, to enter the Court of King's Bench; and if his father had taken his seat, to fall on his knees before him, and reverentially implore his blessing! Sir John More died of a surfeit from having eaten too plentifully of grapes, about November, 1530, having been affectionately attended in his illness by his son, who on taking his last leave of him “with tears, took him about the neck, most lovingly kissed and embraced him, commending his soul devoutly to the merciful hands of Almighty God.” A witty saying of Judge More's has been handed down; and though it is more pointed than gallant, it must not be

omitted. "He compared the multitude of women, which are to be chosen for wives, to a bag full of snakes, having in it one eel. Now," he observed, "if a man should put his hand into this bag, he may chance to light on the eel; but it is a hundred to one that he will be stung by the snake." Sir John, however, plunged his hand into no less than three of his imaginary bags; but we know not whether he was fortunate enough to grasp the eel on each occasion. His first wife was a daughter of Mr. Handcome, of Holywell, in Bedfordshire, by whom he had his celebrated son and two daughters; Jane, who married Richard Stafferton, and Elizabeth, the wife of John Rastall, father of the eminent Judge. His second wife was a widow, called Mrs. Bowes, daughter of a Mr. Barton; and his third was Alice, daughter of John More, of Loseley, in Surrey, Esq. who survived her son-in-law, Sir Thomas; but he had issue by his first marriage only.

The figure to the right of Sir John More is

III. ELIZABETH DAUNCEY, and is inscribed *Elizabetha Dauncey, Thomæ Mori filia, anno 21*. She was Sir Thomas's second daughter, and married when very young, John, son and heir of Sir John Dauncey, and is by far the most beautiful female of the whole group. Mrs. Dauncey is represented as having a fair complexion, with brown eyes and hair, and is putting on her right glove: she is dressed in a black gown, with green sleeves and a

gold stomacher, and a kind of chain and her rosary are around her neck: on her head is a black cap trimmed and tied under her chin with reticulated gold work; and a white scarf, with gold tassels, encircles her waist. Under her right arm she holds a book, marked on the outside "Epistolicae Senecæ;" and her appearance is altogether extremely prepossessing. Like her sisters, she was well versed in the classical languages, and was the correspondent of the learned Erasmus, who applauded her for the purity of her Latin.

Immediately on her right is

III. MARGARET CLEMENT, or as she is described in the picture, *Uxor Johannis Clement*. This lady, who was born in 1508, and whose maiden name was Giggs, was distantly related to the More family, and was brought up in Sir Thomas's house. She was educated and loved by him as if she had been one of his own children, and she repaid his kindness with the duty and affection of a daughter. He commences one of his letters in these words: "Thomas More to his best beloved children, and to Margaret Giggs whom he numbereth among his own;" and another, "Thomas More sendeth greeting to his most dear daughters Margaret, Elizabeth and Cecily; and to Margaret Giggs as dear to him as if she were his own." Her acquirements in Latin and Greek were considerable; and an attachment having been formed between her

and the tutor, or more probably, physician of the family, Doctor John Clement, she became his wife ; on which occasion the antiquary Leland wrote their Epithalamium. When Sir Thomas was conducted to the tower, after his condemnation, his eldest daughter, this lady, and the wife of his secretary, met and embraced him in the tenderest manner. After his death she obtained the shirt in which he suffered, and the hair shirt which, as a kind of penance, he usually wore next his skin, as relics of her martyred benefactor. Doctor Clement, though a distinguished scholar, is best known to general readers as having been one of the physicians who were sent by Henry the Eighth to Cardinal Wolsey in his last illness. He quitted England with his wife on account of their religion, and settled at Mecklin, in Brabant, where she died on the 6th July, 1570, in her sixty-third year, and was buried in the church of St. Rumbold of that place : her husband was interred in the same grave early in July, 1572. Their daughter Winifred married William Rastall, a nephew of Sir Thomas More, a well-known writer and lawyer. Mrs. Clement is represented in very plain attire, a black gown, with a white handkerchief over her bosom, and a cap of the same colour : she has a rosary round her neck ; to a green girdle, a gold chain and small red bag are suspended ; and she holds a book in her left hand, the leaves of which she keeps open with her right.

V. JOHN MORE, the young man to the left of Sir Thomas, was his only son and is thus described, *Johannes Morus Thomæ filius, anno 19*. His abilities have been much underrated, probably in consequence of his father's witticism, "that his mother had so long wished for a boy that she had now one who would be a boy as long as he lived;" and some writers have affected to discover indications of weakness in the countenance which Holbein has given him. It is true he did nothing to distinguish himself; but there is ample testimony that though he was not perhaps possessed of his father's, or even of his sisters' talents, he was by no means destitute of intellectual powers. Sir Thomas in one of his letters particularly commends the purity of his Latin, and says he had written to him elegantly and pleasantly, returning jest for jest. Grincœus has celebrated his proficiency in Greek, and both he and Erasmus dedicated one of their works to him. He evinced his duty and affection for his father by throwing himself at his feet and embracing him on his way to the tower after his trial; and he possessed sufficient strength of character to deny the King's supremacy after Sir Thomas's execution, in consequence of which he remained for some time a prisoner under sentence of death. On being released, he is presumed to have retired to his wife's estate in Yorkshire, his paternal property having been confiscated, and died in 1547. At a very early age he married,



VI. ANNE CRESACRE, the pretty looking girl who stands at a little distance behind, in the space between Sir Thomas and Sir John, dressed in black, over whom is written *Anna Cresacre Johannis Mori sponsa, anno 15*. She was the daughter and heiress of Edward Cresacre of Barnborough in Yorkshire, Esq. the last male representative of an ancient family. Though called fifteen in the picture, she must have been much nearer eighteen, as she was one year old at her father's decease in 1512. Her grandson says she was married by mistake, or as he expresses it, "upon error for another body's lands;" for Sir Thomas, proceeding on the feudal plan, intended to purchase the marriage of a coheiress who held one moiety of his estate, but from some accident the treaty was concluded for Anne Cresacre, who accordingly became his son's wife. She survived her husband many years, and fulfilled the duties of her station very creditably, having educated her numerous family of five sons and one daughter, and recovered their hereditary lands in Herefordshire. In June, 1559, she married her second husband, George West, Esq. and in the same year her only daughter married John West her husband's son by his first wife. She again became a widow in 1572, and died at Barnborough on the 2nd of December, 1577, in her sixty-sixth year.

The Three Ladies in the near corner are,

VIII. In the foreground with a clasped book in her lap and looking to the top, CECILY HERON, on the

bottom of whose gown is written *Cæcilia Herond, Thomæ filia, anno 20*. She was Sir Thomas's third and youngest daughter, and married when very young Giles Heron, of Shackelwel in Middlesex, Esq. son of Sir John Heron, Master of the Jewel House, by whom she had a son, Thomas, who died issueless. Her literary acquirements equalled those of her sisters, and received the same commendations. Like those of the other females, her dress is black velvet or cloth, with red sleeves and a gold stomacher; and besides her rosary, she has an ornament suspended by a black riband from her neck.

Next to her sits the celebrated

MARGARET ROPER, who is described on her gown as *Margareta Ropera, Thomæ Mori filia, anno 22*. She was Sir Thomas More's eldest and favourite daughter, and resembled him more nearly than the rest of his children in the depth and acuteness of her understanding. Of this eminent woman much is said in the various Memoirs of her father; but the space to which this sketch of her must be confined, will only allow of the most striking facts being noticed. Sir Thomas was so devoted to her that during a dangerous illness with which she was visited, he resolved if she had died to withdraw himself wholly from the world; and her recovery is imputed to the efficacy of his prayers. She was the dispenser of her father's secret charities, and to her alone he entrusted the

" Our Lord bless you, good daughter, and your good husband, and your little boy, and all yours, and all my children, and all my god-children, and all our friends. Recommend me, when ye may, to my good daughter Cecily, whom I beseech our Lord to comfort ; and I send her my blessing, and to all her children, and pray her to pray for me. I send her an handkerchief, and God comfort my good son, her husband. My good daughter Daunce hath the picture in parchment, that you delivered me from my Lady Coniers : her name is on the back side. Shew her that I heartily pray her, that you may send it in my name, to her again, for a token from me to pray for me. I like special well Dorothy Colly ; I pray you be good unto her. I would wit whether this be she that you wrote me of ; if not yet I pray you be good to the other as ye may, in her affliction, and to my daughter Joan Aleyn, too.\* Give her, I pray you, some kind answer, for she sued hither to me this day to pray you be good to her. I cumber you, good Margaret, much, but I would be sorry, if it should be any longer than to-morrow, for it is Saint Thomas' even, and the utas of Saint Peter ; and therefore to-morrow long I to go to God : it were a day very meet and convenient

\* A servant of Mrs. Roper, perhaps his god-daughter, or like Margaret Clement on whom he bestows the same appellation, one of his protégés.

for me.\* I never liked your manners towards me better, than when you kissed me last, for I love when daughterly love and dear charity hath no leisure to look to worldly courtesy.† Farewell, my dear child, and pray for me, and I shall for you, and all your friends, that we may merrily meet in Heaven. I thank you for your great cost. I send now to my good daughter Clement her algorisme stone, and I send her and my godson and all her's, God's blessing and mine. I pray you at time convenient recommend me to my good son John More. I liked well his natural fashion.‡ Our Lord bless him and his good wife, my loving daughter, to whom I pray him to be good as he hath great cause; and that if the land of mine come to his hand, he break not my will concerning his sister Daunce. And our Lord bless Thomas and Austen,‡ and all that they shall have."

It was one of his last requests to Henry that his daughter Margaret might attend his funeral. In defiance of the danger which attended the act, she bought the head of her ill-fated parent, when it was about to be thrown into the Thames, after having been affixed to London Bridge; and on being questioned by the Privy Council about her conduct, she

\* St. Thomas was probably his tutelar saint.

† Alluding to their conduct on meeting him after his condemnation.

‡ His son's children.

boldly replied, that she had done so that "it might not become food for fishes." She survived Sir Thomas nine years, and died, aged thirty-six, in 1544, and was buried in the church of St. Dunstan, at Canterbury, the box containing her father's head being placed on her coffin. By her husband, who lived a widower thirty-three years, and died in January, 1577, aged eighty-two, she had issue two sons and three daughters, one of the latter of whom is noticed by Mr. Ballard in his memoirs of celebrated women. The present representative of Mrs. Roper is Charles Winn, of Nostell Priory, in Yorkshire, Esquire, the possessor of Holbein's painting. She sent Erasmus a copy of it, which he acknowledged in a letter to her, expressive of the delight which the present afforded him, wherein a family, so highly esteemed, were so exactly portrayed; adding, that though he knew each of the figures the instant he saw them, yet was he more particularly pleased with her portrait, which recalled to his mind all the excellent qualities he had so long admired in her. The painting sent to Erasmus, which was likewise by Holbein, is carefully preserved in the Town Hall of Basil. Mrs. Roper's extraordinary erudition excited the admiration of the most learned of her contemporaries; and her father, on more than one occasion, repeats with a parent's pride, the compliments which had been paid to her compositions. She is painted in a dress

very similar to her sisters ; but the sleeves are ornamented with gold ; and her stomacher, which is red, has a jewel in the upper part. A book is open in her lap, on which is written " L. An. Senecæ—Ædipus," as a running title ; and the page commences with " Fata si liceat mihi fingere arbitrio meo, temperem zephyro levis."

The old lady behind Mrs. Roper, near the monkey, holding a book before her, is

ALICE LADY MORE, over whom is written *Alicia uxor Thomæ Mori, annæ 57*. She was the second wife of Sir Thomas More, and was the daughter and heiress, or co-heiress, of ——— Arderne, and widow of John Middleton, by whom she had a daughter, Alice, to whom her stepfather behaved with a tenderness which she gratefully acknowledged during his misfortunes : she married first Thomas Eldrington, Esq. who died at Chelsea, in September 1528 ; and secondly, Sir Giles Allington, Knight, and was buried at Horsheath, in Cambridgeshire, on the 26th of September, 1568. Lady More was seven years older than her husband : she was neither rich nor handsome ; and from what his great grandson says of her, it would seem that Sir Thomas was tricked into the alliance, thus proving that his boasted talents were but an unequal match for

" That low cunning which in fools supplies,  
And amply too, the place of being wise."

All which is known of her justifies our considering that she was both ignorant and vulgar ;—a coarse weed in the parterre into which it was her singular fortune to be transplanted. A letter from her to Secretary Cromwell, exhibits a most affecting picture of the distress to which Sir Thomas's imprisonment had reduced his family, and excites our warmest sympathy for his misfortunes. Her motive for writing is, she says, to inform him "of my great and extreme necessity, which over and besides the charge of mine own house do pay weekly fifteen shillings for the board wages of my poor husband and his servant, for the maintaining whereof, I have been compelled, of very necessity, to sell part of mine apparel, for lack of other substance to make money of;" and she entreated to be allowed to appear before the Privy Council.

The stout man next to John More, and immediately behind Mrs. Heron, standing with his face *affronté*, is

HENRY PATTISON, *Henricus Pattison Thomas servus*, one of the degraded creatures who, by the title of "Fool," it was then the fashion to keep in most families of distinction. Some of Pattison's absurdities have been handed down to us. Standing one day by the table at which his master and some friends were at dinner, and noticing that one of the guests had an unusually large nose, he gazed stedfastly for

some time on his face, and then exclaimed, "What a terrific nose that gentleman has got." As the company affected not to hear him, Pattison perceived that he had committed some error, and with the view of correcting it cried out, "How I lied in my throat when I said that gentleman's nose was so monstrously large: on the faith of a gentleman it really is rather a small one." Sir Thomas's friends finding it difficult to restrain their laughter, he made a sign to turn the fool out of the room; but Pattison, wishing to preserve his credit, as he had always boasted that whatever he commenced he brought to a happy conclusion, placed himself in his master's seat at the head of the table and said aloud, "There is one thing I would have you to know: that gentleman there has not the least atom of a nose." After Sir Thomas More retired from the Chancellorship, on breaking up his establishment, he presented his Fool to the Lord Mayor of London, upon condition that he should every year wait upon the person who held that office. When the poor creature was told the cause of his late master's imprisonment, he grew very angry and exclaimed, "Why, what aileth him that he will not swear? Wherefore should *he* stick to swear? I have sworn the oath *myself*!" Sir Thomas thus notices Pattison in one of his works, and he manifestly was much attached to him: "I had sometime one with me called Cliffe, a man as



well known as Master Henry Pattison." He is represented, in a dress of three colours, the undermost being red; the next, which is a sort of jacket, is green, and over all he wears a kind of yellow frock. In his round black cap are two roses, the one white, and the other red: on the left side is a small shield charged, with a red cross, and near it what seems to be a jewel. Round his neck, a gold cross, or more likely a whistle, is suspended, and the thumb of his left hand seems to rest in his girdle. Pattison appears to have been a stout healthy man, about forty, with a florid complexion, blue eyes, and a countenance which does not betray any want of intellect.

Of the two remaining figures only one can be identified, for the name of the person, habited in a green gown, standing at a window in another room, holding a black letter volume in his hands, is not known. The man entering the door, dressed in a tawny-coloured gown, holding in his left hand a roll of parchment, with seals attached, and in his right what seems to be a large pair of spectacles, is

JOHN HARRIS, or as the writing over his head describes him, *Johannes Heresius Thomæ Mori famulus*, anno 27, who was Sir Thomas More's secretary, and a most favoured servant. He married Dorothy Colly, who has been already mentioned; but an anecdote relating to her, which the superstition of Cresacre More

makes him consider a miracle, cannot be inserted in a more appropriate place. Mrs. Roper having distributed all her money to the poor to say masses for her father's soul, forgot to buy a sheet to wrap his body in; and neither she, Mrs. Clement, nor Mrs. Harris, united, possessed sufficient to purchase one. The latter, notwithstanding, went into a draper's shop, and having agreed on the price, pretended to seek for her purse, with the intention of afterwards asking them to trust her, when, to her astonishment, she found the exact sum which she required, though she knew positively there was not a farthing in it when she entered the shop. Harris died at Neumarch, in Germany, and is buried there in the same grave with his son-in-law, John Fowler, a native of Bristol, who settled at Antwerp as a printer.

The bipeds in the painting having been described, the monkey and dogs, which are introduced in it, require a slight notice. Sir Thomas More's love of natural history accounts for the appearance of the former, and one of the dogs may be supposed, from the date of the picture being nearly that of the year in which Sir Thomas held the great seal, to be the hero of the following story which is told by Cresacre More.

"It happened on a time that a beggar-woman's little dog, which she had lost, was presented for a

eleven grandchildren. There is not any man living so loving to his children as he; and he loveth his old wife as well as if she were a young maid; and such is the excellency of his temper, that whatsoever happeneth that could not be helped, he loveth it as though nothing could happen more happily. You would say there were in that place Plato's academy; but I do the house injury in comparing it to Plato's academy, wherein there was only disputations of numbers and geometrical figures, and sometimes of moral virtues. I should rather call his house a school, or university of Christian religion; for there is none therein but readeth or studieth the liberal sciences; their special care is piety and virtue; there is no quarrelling, or intemperate words heard; none seen idle; which household discipline that worthy gentleman doth not govern by proud and lofty words, but with all kind and courteous benevolence. Every body performeth his duty, yet is there always alacrity, neither is sober mirth any thing wanting. He suffered none of his servants either to be idle, or to give themselves to any games; but some of them he allotted to look to the garden, assigning to every one his sundry plot; some again he set to sing, some to play on the organs: he suffered none to give themselves to cards or dice. The men abode on the one side of the

house, the women on the other, seldom conversing together; he used before bed-time to call them together, and say certain prayers with them.”\*

This life of almost Utopian felicity, this realization of the poet’s dream of Home—

. . . . . “ the resort  
Of love, of joy, of peace, and plenty, where  
Supporting and supported, polish’d friends  
And dear relations mingle into bliss.”

was suddenly destroyed by the decree of a tyrant; and the mandate which consigned the most accomplished individual in his dominions to the scaffold, carried desolation to all who depended upon him, gave his lands to a stranger, and his

“ Once fair-spreading family dissolved.”

Of all the individuals who have figured in the drama of British history, how few are there upon whose careers the mind can reflect with unmixed satisfaction! Great talents, and even great virtues, have been generally accompanied by crimes of equal magnitude; and it is rare to find a man uncontaminated by the vices of his times. This merit may,

\* It is proper to observe, that the facts in this sketch of the More family have been chiefly gleaned from Mr. Singer’s excellent edition of the *Life of Sir Thomas More* by his son-in-law William Roper, Esq. and from the *Life of the Chancellor* by his great grandson Cresacre More, ably edited by the Rev. Joseph Hunter: works which are of the most interesting description.

however, be confidently claimed for Sir Thomas More; for as Mr. Lodge, his latest biographer has, with his accustomed elegance observed, "if the wise and honest statesman, the acute and incorrupt magistrate, the loyal but independent subject, constitute an excellent public man; if the good father, the good husband, and the good master, the firm friend, the moral, though witty companion, the upright neighbour, the pious christian, and the patient martyr, form a perfect private character, ecce homo!"

The execrations which posterity has so justly bestowed on the memory of Henry the Eighth have been chiefly caused by his conduct towards those, whom, by his oath as a christian, his honour as a knight, and his humanity as a man, he was especially bound to cherish and protect; but atrocious as was his behaviour towards them, it was not productive of so much misery to others as attended his displeasure towards inferior persons. Many a bright eye which has dropped a tear over the fates of Katherine of Arragon and her rival Anne Boleyn, will find it difficult to contemplate the beautiful example of domestic happiness which the More family afforded, and reflect by what means it was destroyed, without bestowing a similar tribute of compassion on its misfortunes; for in the hecatomb of victims which sullies the annals of the Reformation, none were more virtuous, none more innocent

than Sir Thomas More, on whom panegyric becomes exhausted when it is said, that he fully realized the wish which the immortal Shakespeare has made Wolsey breathe for him,

He's a learned man : may he continue  
Long in his Highness' favour, and do justice  
For truth's sake and his conscience ; that his bones,  
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,  
May have a tomb of orphan's tears wept on 'em.

## TO NIGHT.

BY SIR THOMAS ELMSLEY CROFT, BART.

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OH, Night ! I love thy sadly-pleasing time,  
Thy peaceful hours with contemplation fraught,  
Thy sorrow-soothing silence, broke by nought  
Save the soft nightingale, or rare-recurring chime.

'Tis Fancy's reign—her uncontrouled sway  
With fairy-peopled visions charms the sense,  
And, with a strange omnipotence,  
Conjures up phantoms, but to chase away.

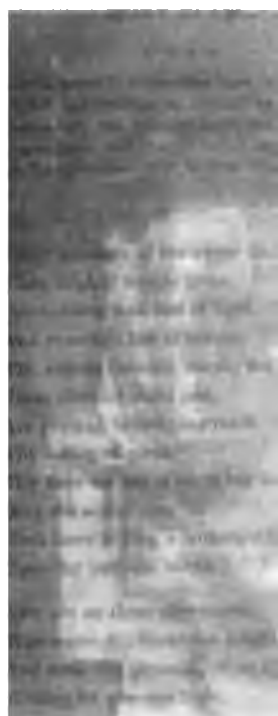
Then wandering, as I watch thy mantle blue,  
It seems a pierced veil flung o'er the sky,  
Giving bright glimpses of a world on high,  
Too glorious far for mortal eyes to view ;  
Yet oft I wish that veil were rent away,  
And I might once behold the blaze of Heav'nly day.

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## MONT BLANC.

BY L. E. L.

Heaven knows our travellers have sufficiently alloyed the beautiful, and profaned the sublime, by associating these with themselves, the common-place, and the ridiculous ; but out upon them, thus to tread on the grey hairs of centuries,—on the untrodden snows of Mont Blanc.

---

THOU monarch of the upper air,  
Thou mighty temple given  
For morning's earliest of light,  
And evening's last of heaven.  
The vapour from the marsh, the smoke  
From crowded cities sent,  
Are purified before they reach  
Thy loftier element.  
Thy hues are not of earth but heaven ;  
Only the sunset rose  
Hath leave to fling a crimson dye  
Upon thy stainless snows.

Now out on those adventurers  
Who scaled thy breathless height,  
And made thy pinnacle, Mont Blanc,  
A thing for common sight.

Before that human step had left  
Its sully on thy brow,  
The glory of thy forehead made  
A shrine to those below :  
Men gaz'd upon thee as a star,  
And turned to earth again,  
With dreams like thine own floating clouds,  
The vague but not the vain.  
No feelings are less vain than those  
That bear the mind away,  
Till blent with nature's mysteries  
It half forgets its clay.  
It catches loftier impulses ;  
And owns a nobler power ; —  
The poet and philosopher  
Are born of such an hour.

But now where may we seek a place  
For any spirit's dream ;  
Our steps have been o'er every soil,  
Our sails o'er every stream.  
Those isles, the beautiful Azores,  
The fortunate, the fair !  
We looked for their perpetual spring  
To find it was not there.  
Bright El Dorado, land of gold,  
We have so sought for thee,  
There's not a spot in all the globe  
Where such a land can be.

How pleasant were the wild beliefs  
That dwelt in legends old,  
Alas ! to our posterity  
Will no such tales be told.  
We know too much, scroll after scroll  
Weighs down our weary shelves ;  
Our only point of ignorance  
Is centered in ourselves.  
Alas ! for thy past mystery,  
For thine untrodden snow,  
Nurse of the tempest, hadst thou none  
To guard thy outraged brow ?  
Thy summit, once the unapproached,  
Hath human presence owned,  
With the first step upon thy crest  
Mont Blanc, thou wert dethroned.

## CUPID AND PSYCHE.

BY E. M. KENNEDY, M. D.

---

WHAT tho' our little span appears  
A tissue but of hopes and fears,  
And ever ere we well can call  
A joy our own, we find that all,  
On which we fondly built is cast  
Down to the earth, and what is past  
A mockery of pleasure seems,  
Like half-remembered joys in dreams.  
Yet are there moments when our soul  
Shakes herself loose from earth's controul,  
Despite our clay : our better part,  
Which thus can elevate the heart,  
And in the energy of mind  
Can leave its mortal coil behind,  
Is Love ; the golden relic left  
Of Eden, from our parents reft ;  
The only taste on earth of heaven  
To sorrowing man by nature given ;  
The pledge that once poor man was free  
Of stain, and his first purity  
Yet to be hoped, and Paradise  
Not lost for ever, since it lies  
Within him, of him, from above,  
Making earth heaven—such is Love.  
Then bow we at His shrine, and bless  
The genius of our happiness ;

For though, alas ! poor Love, perforce  
Of Fate, a smooth, unruffled course  
Doth seldom run, yet 'tis not he  
That we should blame ; if we would see  
Where lies the wrong, nay, let us look  
Within, and oh ! a blotted book  
Will seem our heart. The sweetest maid  
That ever worship'd Love, 'tis said  
Could err—nay, did err—and her crime,  
Say legends of the olden time,  
Was, that she deemed poor Love could prove  
Less true to her than she to Love :  
And thus could even Psyche stand  
O'er sleeping Love with daggered hand.  
She feared, and Love saith, " Trust thro' all  
Of woe or weal that may befall !"  
She doubted, and shall Love abide  
In heart that knows not to confide ?  
She drew the veil ; she sought to find  
If Love were frail ; but Love, more kind,  
Saith, weakness is our lot from birth,  
The native attribute of earth,  
And bids us meekly, mildly bear  
Each other's burthens, and whate'er  
Our lot, to smile. \* \* \* \* \*  
Such is true Love, and Psyche, taught  
By hard experience, wisely sought  
The Love her folly had estranged  
Unshrinking ; tho' the path she ranged,



With perils wild and manifold  
Was frightful as the midnight wold,  
Yet felt she not the lengthening way,  
Nor slept by night, nor paused by day,  
'Till he was found, and she was blest  
When to her home, his bosom, prest.  
Oh ! what a wilderness were earth,  
And what a heavy curse our birth  
But for young Love : 'tis strange as true,  
Our parents weeping sighed adieu  
To Eden and its rosy bowers,  
And lingering languished o'er the flowers  
Their hands had reared; they had not tried,  
That hearts which Love, for aught beside  
Save Love care little, and they went  
Reluctant forth to banishment.  
But whoso knows what Love can do.  
May feel that short-lived was their woe ;  
For tho' the scene may change, the heart  
Which once hath loved, can never part  
From Love ; not even death can sever  
Love's chain, no ! it is bound for ever.  
Immortal links, the spirit springs  
With them unclogged, on glittering wings,  
Tho' cast all other signs away  
Of her sad intercourse with clay,  
For Love is heaven, and Love shall be  
The Heaven of Heaven's eternity !





Augustus P. P. P.

E. T. H. H. H.



[illegible]

THE INTERVIEW BETWEEN CHARLES THE  
SECOND AND SIR HENRY LEE.

---

"—For your great graces  
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I  
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks ;  
My prayers to Heaven for you ; my loyalty  
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing  
Till death, that winter, kill it."

SHAKESPEARE.

---

THE annexed engraving represents an interesting scene in one of the popular productions of Sir Walter Scott ; and though in the case of any other writer, we might forget the warning of him to whom alone that great genius is inferior, that

"—to add another hue  
Unto the rainbow, or with taper light  
To seek the beauteous eye of Heaven to garnish,  
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess,"

such a want of judgment is here impossible, for who would presume to attempt a more perfect delineation of loyalty, than the characters of Sir Henry Lee, his beautiful daughter, and gallant son, present in the pages of " Woodstock ?"

That work closes with an interview between Charles and the members of the Lee family, to whom, in his misfortunes, the novelist has made him indebted for life and liberty. Neglectful of the stern truths of history, the Monarch there exhibits a touching instance of royal gratitude; and such is the effect of his conduct on a most faithful servant, that he closes a long life which had been zealously, and even romantically, devoted to his service, in the effort to express the delight and gratitude with which the presence of his sovereign had inspired him. The scene is thus beautifully described :

“ And now the distant clarions announced the Royal Presence. Onward came pursuivant and trumpet—onward came plumes and cloth of gold, and waving standards displayed, and swords gleaming to the sun ; and at length, heading a group of the noblest in England, and supported by his royal brothers on either side, onward came King Charles. He had already halted more than once, in kindness perhaps as well as policy, to exchange a word with persons whom he recognized among the spectators, and the shouts of the by-standers applauded a courtesies which seemed so well timed. But when he had gazed an instant on the party we have described, it was impossible, if even Alice had been too much changed to be recognised, not instantly to know Bevis and his venerable master. The monarch

sprung from his horse, and walked instantly up to the old knight, amid thundering acclamations which rose from the multitudes around, when they saw Charles with his own hand oppose the feeble attempts of the old man to rise to do him homage. Gently replacing him on his seat—'Bless,' he said, 'father—bless your son, who has returned in safety, as you blessed him when he departed in danger.'

" 'May God bless—and preserve'—muttered the old man, overcome by his feelings; and the King, to give him a few moments' repose, turned to Alice—

" 'And you,' he said, 'my fair guide, how have you been employed since our perilous night-walk? But I need not ask,' glancing round—'in the service of King and Kingdom, bringing up subjects as loyal as their ancestors. A fair lineage, by my faith, and a beautiful sight to the eye of an English King!—Colonel Everard, we shall see you, I trust, at Whitehall?' Here he nodded to Wildrake. 'And thou, Joceline, thou canst hold thy quarter-staff with one hand, sure?—Thrust forward the other palm.

" Looking down in sheer bashfulness, Joceline, like a bull about to push, extended to the King, over his lady's shoulder, a hand as broad and hard as a wooden trencher, which the King filled with gold coins. 'Buy a head-gear for my friend Phœbe with some of these,' said Charles; 'she too has been doing her duty to Old England.'



"The King then turned once more to the knight, who seemed making an effort to speak. He took his aged hand in both his own, and stooped his head towards him to catch his accents, while the old man, detaining him with the other hand, said something faltering, of which Charles could only catch the quotation—

Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,  
And welcome home again discarded faith.

"Extricating himself, therefore, as gently as possible, from a scene which began to grow painfully embarrassing, the good-natured King said, speaking with unusual distinctness to insure the old man's comprehending him, 'This is something too public a place for all we have to say. But if you come not soon to see King Charles at Whitehall, he will send down Louis Kerneguy to visit you, that you may see how rational he is become since his travels.'

"So saying, he once more pressed affectionately the old man's hand, bowed to Alice and all around, and withdrew; Sir Henry Lee listening with a smile, which showed he comprehended the gracious tendency of what had been said. The old man leaned back on his seat, and muttered the *Nunc dimitis*.

"'Excuse me for having made you wait, my lords,' said the King, as he mounted his horse; 'had it not been for these good folks, you might have waited for me long enough.—Move on, sirs.'

“ The array moved on accordingly ; the sound of trumpets again rose amid the acclamations, which had been silent while the King stopped ; while the effect of the whole procession resuming its motion was so splendidly dazzling, that even Alice’s anxiety about her father’s health was for a moment suspended, while her eye followed the long line of varied brilliancy that proceeded over the heath. When she looked again at Sir Henry, she was startled to see that his cheek, which had gained some colour during his conversation with the King, had relapsed into earthy paleness ; that his eyes were closed, and opened not again ; and that his features expressed, amid their quietude, a rigidity which is not that of sleep. They ran to his assistance, but it was too late. The light that burned so low in the socket, had leaped up, and expired, in one exhilarating flash.”

## **TIME.**

---

**WARM** is the heart in boyhood's days,  
And warmer are the smiles which greet it ;  
But Time will come, when those light rays  
Of Hope and Love no longer meet it.

How bright the dream when young eyes sleep,  
And brighter glows the heart with gladness ;  
But Time will doom such eyes to weep,  
And change their beams to tears of sadness.

How beautiful the book of Life ;  
If Fancy glances o'er its pages,  
She feels no sorrow, sees no strife,  
In the fair scenes of future ages.

But changed are those unblotted lines,  
When feelings, hopes, and all are slighted ;  
And dim the fire of Genius shines,  
When all its wanderings have been blighted.

## LONGCHAMPS.

PAR M. FRÉDÉRIC DEGEORGE.

C'était au commencement du printemps. Arrivé depuis peu à Paris, de retour d'un long exil, j'étais allé demeurer chez un ami d'enfance, propriétaire d'un des plus beaux hôtels de la Rue du Montblanc. Nous étions vers la fin de la Semaine Sainte; la journée était charmante, le temps doux, et le ciel d'un pourpre d'or, que n'obscurcissait aucune de ces vapeurs grossières qui interceptent les rayons du soleil aux habitans de la brumeuse cité, invitait à la promenade. Plusieurs personnes de la connaissance de mon hôte se trouvaient réunies dans son salon. On s'entretenait depuis longtemps de politique, de jésuites, de M. de Villèle et de la censure, lorsque la jeune Comtesse Sophie de C—— venant à prononcer le mot de Longchamps, mit fin aux débats, et en moins d'un quart d'heure, toute la compagnie portée dans d'élégans coupés ou de légers Tillburys, eut franchi le court espace qui sépare la chaussée d'Antin des Champs Elysées.

Accoutumé, pour de longues années, aux brillantes mais monotones cavalcades de Hyde Park, et aux agréables mais silencieuses promenades de Kensington Garden, le brouhaha de Longchamps, fut pour moi un spectacle à la fois bizarre et nouveau. Rien de délicieux à la vue comme ce coup d'œil de voitures, remplies de femmes élégantes, qui marchent à la file dans la grande et vaste allée des Champs Elysées depuis la place Louis XVI, jusqu'au bois de Boulogne. Rien de pittoresque comme ces attelages de chevaux magnifiques, ces livrées de soie et de velours que les puissans du jour viennent étaler à Longchamps. Rien de grotesque comme le contraste d'un méchant cabriolet ou d'un vil char-à-bancs, appartenant à quelque marchand de la Rue St. Denis ou à quelque rentier du Marais, à côté du landaulet de l'agent de change, ou du Tillbury de l'Actrice du Gymnase. Rien de risible, comme le délabrement des voitures des noble Douairières du faubourg St. Germain et les prétensions aristocratiques de ceux qu'elles traînent. Rien de plus bouffon que les élèves et les écuyers de Manège, en froc bleu, en grandes bottes, le chapeau à cornes sur la tête, caracolant entre les deux rangées d'équipages et s'étudiant à singer le *petit Caporal*. Parmi ces fashionables du jour, mon ami B——me fit remarquer le fat Napoléon de Bassano et l'épais Prince Godoy; le beau Ernest de Montebello et le peintre Horace Vernet; le fils

de l'Aristocrate Duc de Fitzjames à côté du fastueux Comte de Montholon ; le *ci-devant jeune homme* Fayaud qui au pistolet, ne manque jamais son homme, le Riche Vigier que ses condisciples du lycée Napoléon appelaient le Chevalier des Bains ; Sir Francis Burke au quel Louis XVIII. nouvel Esau, vendit la Croix d'honneur, pour une place dans son hôtel de Gand, enfin le Duc de Guiche, premier Meneur du Duc d'Angoulême, l'un des vainqueurs du Trocadero dont la tête élevée, le corps cambré et en arrière et le regard dirigé vers un lointain horison me rappela ces deux vers qu'on eût cru qu'Ovide avait fait tout exprès pour le jeune guerrier :

Os homini sublime dedit, cælumque tueri.

Jussit, et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus.\*

Cette dame, me dit la Comtesse Sophie, en me demandant la traduction de ma citation Latine, et en me montrant une personne placée au fond d'une éalèche trainée par quatre chevaux ; cette dame au corps long, droit et sec, avec des traits sillonnés profondément par les souvenirs du passé et les inquiétudes de l'avenir, enveloppée de mousseline, de dentelles, de colets, et de draperies, c'est la célèbre auteur du siège de la Rochelle, de Mademoiselle de la Vallière, d'Adèle et Théodore et vingt autres romans

\* " Dieu lui a donné une tête élevée, lui a dit de considérer toujours le ciel et de porter aux astres ses regards superbes."

que vous avez lus—c'est Mad<sup>e</sup>. la Comtesse de Genlis à quatre-vingt ans.

La dame assise à ses cotés, ajouta mon ami B—, c'est Mad<sup>e</sup>. Benoit, l'épouse du Directeur Général des Droits Réunis, que Demoutier, dans ses lettres sur la Mythologie, a chanté, aimé, immortalisé sous le nom d'Emilie.

Comme peintre, reprit Napoléon de M— qui occupait la quatrième place de notre voiture, Mad<sup>e</sup>. Benoit s'est acquise une belle réputation, elle est de l'école de David, et naguères il n'y avait pas un chef-lieu d'arrondissement qui ne possédât un portrait de Napoléon sorti de ses ateliers.

On a même prétendu, répliqua malignement la Comtesse, que sous le gouvernement Impérial, les préfets, pour faire leur cour à M. Benoit, alors secrétaire général du Ministère de l'Intérieur, croyaient ne pouvoir se dispenser de faire souscrire les grandes communes de leurs Départemens, aux portraits du Grand homme exécutés par Emilie.

Et aux traductions des romans de Mrs. Radcliff et à celle du moine de Lewis, ajoutai je, en souriant de l'épigramme de la Comtesse; car si je ne me trompe, M. Benoit est la traducteur de toutes ces fameuses *novels* qui ont eu le talent de faire frémir la France pendant vingt cinq ans—Mais quels sont ces deux cavaliers qui les accompagnent?

Le jeune, se hâta de répondre la Comtesse, est

Monsieur de Boisgelin, l'un des députés qui portent les habits les mieux faits et qui les portent avec le plus de grâce. C'est un fort joli homme qui a très bon air à la tête de la Compagnie des Gardes du Corps dont il est lieutenant.

Les électeurs qui l'ont envoyé à la Chambre ont peut-être pensé, dit Napoléon de M—, que son ramage se rapportait à son plumage, mais, comme la plupart de ses collègues du centre, Mr. de Boisgelin n'a pas de voix.

On ne peut pas être à la fois un brillant Garde du Corps et un orateur élégant, répliqua la Comtesse, mais quel est cet autre personnage ? Son air soucieux, sombre, et farouche me fait presque peur, ne le prendrait on pas pour Potier dans les petites Danaïdes.

C'est Monsieur de Bonald, répondit B—, ce membre de l'Académie, ce pair de France, qui vient de se déshonorer en acceptant l'ignominieux emploi de Directeur de la Censure.

Celui dont Madame de Genlis, reprit la Comtesse, vante partout la haute sagesse et dont Chénier a si admirablement prouvé la sottise philosophique ! C'est vraiment Potier dans le rôle de Danaïdes ; voyez comme il est silencieux ; et pourtant, près de lui est une autre belle dame dont je vous dirais bien l'histoire.

Mais quel est son nom, demandai je ?

Son nom est Européen dit la Comtesse.



Du Cayla ajouta mon ami B——

Et son époux Louis XVIII. continuai-je à demi-voix.... Et ce chevalier de tournure encore juvénile à la taille haute, à la mise soignée, aux bottes éclatantes, à la perruque blonde imitant les boucles naturelles, monté sur ce fringant coursier, qui vient de la saluer et dont en passant l'éperon vient d'égratigner le panneau de notre voiture, Quel est-il ? Je l'ai vu quelque part, est-ce à l'armée, à la tribune, sur la terre d'exil ?

Le casque de nos guerriers ne le tenta jamais, répondit Napoléon ; les lauriers républicains ne l'empêchaient pas de sommeiller ; il ne connut jamais l'exil, et si lors de la conspiration de Mallet, il fit une station dans le cul-de-sac Jérusalem, sa captivité dura peu ; enfin c'est une justice à lui rendre que de dire qu'il demeura étranger à toute cette éloquence plébéienne, à toutes ces vertus roturières dont la France indocile ne veut pas encore aujourd'hui se repentir.

Bravissimo, s'écria la Comtesse !

Tu l'as connu, me dit en souriant mon ami B——, lorsqu' ainsi que toi s'attachant aux pas des onze mille vierges, il pourchassait les faveurs de Madlle. Contat.

Quoi ! C'est l'ex-Ministre Pasquier.

Lui même, ajouta la Comtesse, et ne trouvez vous pas que ce long cavalier, ainsi monté sur ce petit cheval, ne ressemble pas mal à l'illustre amant de Dulcinee.

Ne trouvez vous pas, madame, ajouta Napoléon de M. . . . , qu'ainsi que son successeur le Comte de Peyronet, Mr. Pasquier allie merveilleusement la dignité du conseil à l'air sémillant d'un coureur de bonnes fortunes; et vous, qu'il a entretenu si longtemps au dernier bal de Laffitte, vous avez été à même d'apprécier si sa réputation d'homme d'esprit et d'homme du monde lui est légitimement acquise.

Il n'est point à comparer à votre infâme Peyronet, reprit avec chaleur la Comtesse. Il n'est point comme lui, petit-maître par amour propre, brave par ostentation, hautain par caractère, et libertin par principes; il a les manières élégantes et polies, le ton dégagé, la conversation amusante. . . . Mais, je dois le dire, je déteste l'air de suffisance qu'il a pris de l'ancien favori Decazes, et cette manière Anglaise d'écouter avec ses mains dans les goussets.

Il aime furieusement à copier les Anglais, reprit Napoléon, car à la chambre des Pairs, il ne cesse de faire semblant de dormir quand on combat ses doctrines, depuis qu'il a entendu dire que Fox et Pitt prenaient quelque fois cette attitude au parlement.

Notre voiture marchait au petit pas, et nous pouvions, tout en causant, contempler à notre aise et ces milliers d'équipages qui revenaient de l'autre côté de la route que nous suivions, et ces milliers de piétons qui se heurtaient dans les allées, à notre droite, en lorgnant et toisant nos fashionables. Napoléon et

mon ami B . . . me montrèrent successivement Rotschild et sa femme assis dans un brillant Whisky et escortés de deux laquais ; le Comte de Ménars dans un même équipage avec la Duchesse de Berry ; l'actrice Bourgoïn dans le landanlet de l'ancien Cortes Torreno ; le Comte de Bridgewater étendu dans une vieille voiture en compagnie avec une demi douzaine de chiens ; les quatre demoiselles Rovigo avec Madame la Duchesse leur mère ; Lady Granville et l'Ambassadeur d'Autriche ; le fameux Vicomte d'Arlicourt et le libraire Ladvoct, le Colburn de Paris ; Lord Courtenay et l'auteur Carion de Nisas ; enfin Lord Seymour, vrai représentant du John Bull Anglais et dont les chevaux surpassaient en beauté tous les coursiers de Longchamps. La Comtesse Sophie ne manquait pas de son côté de me faire observer les modes nouvelles, et ne faisait trêve à son admiration des chapeaux de paille de riz doublés de gros de Naples de turquoise bleu, surmontés de longues plumes blanches que portaient penchées un peu obliquement sur le côté droit beaucoup d'élégantes, que pour nous citer quelques anecdotes, ou nous faire admirer d'autres chapeaux en crepe bleu et roses relevés par devant tout à fait en éventail et dont elle même avait, ce jour là, recouvert sa jolie tête.

Nous l'écoutions avec plaisir, parce qu'elle racontait avec grâce. Béranger qu'elle aperçut à pied perdu dans la foule, lui fournit l'occasion de nous chanter à

de mi voix une chanson inédite de ce poète admirable dans la quelle ni les Bourbons, ni les Ministres, ni les Jésuites n'étaient épargnés : le Député Kératry que Napoléon lui montra dans le Tillbury de l'Editeur du Globe lui donna l'occasion d'entamer une longue dissertation sur la beauté, objet d'étude favorite de cet honorable Député, l'un des membres les plus laids de la Chambre. Elle nous prouva, par mille exemples, que l'idée du beau ne peut être la même pour tous les hommes ; aussi variée pour eux que la nature du globe qu'ils habitent, elle n'est que relative à leurs climats, à leurs mœurs, à leurs besoins, à leurs habitudes, à leurs moyens de jouissance ; les Italiens aiment la beauté grosse et massive et elle nous cita comme type de perfection la Pasta ; les Espagnols élancée, svelte et mince comme la chanteuse Amigo ; l'un la représente blanche, l'autre brune ; celui-ci, douce et délicate, celui-là forte et vigoureuse. L'Anglais admire le visage un peu allongé de Miss Foot, l'Allemand, la figure carrée de Madlle. Sontag ; qu'en disant ces mots, Sophie nous montra de l'autre côté de l'avenue, cachée au fond du landaulet de son cher Verner.

Et le Français, demanda mon ami B. . . .

Une taille comme celle de notre aimable Comtesse, repliquai-je, avec empressement, svelte et pour ainsi dire aérienne ; une figure comme la sienne ayant quelque chose des traits touchans de la Niobé ;

de l'amour pudique, de la Vénus de Florence ; de l'inspiration de la Corinne de notre Gérard.

Bravo, s'écria Napoléon, en tâchant de détourner nos regards de la belle Comtesse dont une rougeur subite avait couvert le visage ; Bravo, voilà un compliment digne du chevalier de Boufflers.

Où d'un bel esprit du siècle de Louis XIV ! ajouta mon ami, en me prenant la main.

Le ciel avait ses motifs quand il voulut que la femme fut belle par privilège, ajoutai-je, comme pour faire passer mon madrigal ; je trouve en vérité, continuai-je à voix basse, que la Comtesse réunit, ce que les Peintres nomment, *le beau idéal de la beauté*.

Après un moment de silence, la conversation rentra dans le généralités. Napoléon me fit remarquer dans un élégant phaéton, conduit par un beau jeune homme (Le Comte de Mornay) à petites moustaches blondes, et portant comme les cochers de Londres *on the King's Birth Day*, un gros bouquet à la boutonnière, l'Académicien Arnault, Armand, jeune premier de cinquante ans que j'avais admiré quelques dizaines d'années avant dans les pièces à clinquant de Marivaux, et Mad<sup>lle</sup>. Mars, que nous devions aller voir le surlendemain dans *Valérie*. Mon ami B. . . . me montra dans le même Tillbury, Mesdemoiselles Jenny Vertpré et Irma, l'une et l'autre actrices du Gymnase, que Mr. Péliissié, qui les conduisait, venait d'engager pour le Théâtre Français de Londres.

Mad<sup>lle</sup>. Jenny Vertpré, dit la Comtesse, plaira à Londres. Vous ne l'avez point vue, ajouta-t-elle en m'adressant directement la parole, depuis que la Pie voleuse a fondé sa réputation. C'est l'une des plus aimables et des meilleures actrices de Paris; c'est la Mars du Boulevard. Elle a, si ce n'est toute la grâce de notre incomparable comédienne, tout son naturel et encore plus de gentillesse. Je crois qu'il serait difficile de jouer avec plus de perfection la chercheuse d'Esprit, la Demoiselle à marier, et surtout la Chatte métamorphosée en femme. Avant son départ pour Londres, il faut que nous allions la voir ensemble; vous me le promettez, Monsieur l'exilé.

J'acceptai avec empressement. Napoléon prenant alors la parole se mit à me conter l'histoire de Melé. Irma, jeune personne charmante dont le chapeau à panaches blancs annonçait les succès . . . non au théâtre, comme me l'a appris mon *Cicéron*, où elle exerce sa profession en amateur, c'est à dire payant les Directeurs au lieu de recevoir des appointemens, et se procurant ainsi au moyen de quelques milliers de francs le plaisir de se faire siffler du public; mais à la ville, où le Prince russe T . . . et lord D . . . prennent soin qu'elle porte le cachemire, qu'elle ait l'élégant Tillbury, qu'elle vive, en un mot, en femme *comme il faut*.

Les observations anecdotiques et épigrammatiques de mes trois compagnons de promenade, me

ravissaient ; et Lonchamps que les Dévots de la Gazette de France avaient, dans leur numéro du matin, censuré comme une profanation monstrueuse, un emploi sacrilège du jour le plus saint de l'année, une dérivation païenne d'une coutume Catholique, ne parut un tableau poétique plein de variété, une scène de mœurs remplie d'intérêt, une sorte de rendez-vous agréable que tout Paris se donne pour venir observer l'épanouissement de tous ces visages que l'hyver avait flétris de son haleine glacée, pour jouir en commun, après une saison laborieuse, des premières faveurs du printemps, une espèce de *rout* en plein air, un pu plus divertissante que ceux que donnent la Duchesse de Saint Alban *in the West end*, ou que celui que Mr. Ch. Dupin a si bien décrit dans *the European Review*.

L'Origine de la promenade de Longchamps est assez curieuse. La princesse Isabelle de France, sœur de Saint Louis, ayant pour se faire absoudre de quelque grand péché, fait consulter Homerie, Chancelier de L'Eglise Notre dame de Paris, sur ce qui serait le plus agréable à Dieu, de la fondation d'un hospital où de celle d'une maison de *Sœurs Mineures* : et le Chancelier s'étant prononcé pour le couvent, l'Abbaye de Longchamps fut fondée. Les premières Religieuses n'eurent d'autre titre que celui de *Sœurs Incluses de l'humilité de Notre Dame*, et ce n'est qu'à la sollicitation de Saint Louis que le titre de *Mineures*

fut ajouté au premier. Au commencement du quatorzième Siècle; le titre *d'humilité* disparut entièrement, et le monastère prit le nom de Longchamps.

La fondatrice de l'Abbaye se retira dans ce couvent; elle y mourut en 1269, huit ans après l'établissement de cette Abbaye. Après la mort d'Isabelle, Sœur Agnès, son historienne, raconta jusqu'à quarante miracles opérés par la Princesse. Le monastère commença alors à être en grande réputation. Plusieurs princesses de France furent religieuses à Longchamps; plusieurs rois visitèrent fréquemment ce couvent; Philippe le long y tomba même dangereusement malade: dans cette circonstance, l'Abbé et les Religieux de St. Denis vinrent pieds nus, en procession, de leur abbaye au couvent de Longchamps, firent toucher au Prince un morceau de la vraie croix, un morceau de fer qu'on appelle le Saint Clou, et un bras de Saint Simon. Philippe se sentit guéri immédiatement après avoir baisé ces saintes reliques; mais les Religieux de Saint Denis, étant repartis, la maladie revint et le roi mourut presque incontinent.

Les premières religieuses de Longchamps vécurent, assure-t-on, dans la plus grande humilité. Mais vers le milieu du seizième siècle, elles s'étaient singulièrement relâchées de l'austérité de la règle de Saint François. Henri IV., de galante mémoire, visitait souvent ce couvent; il y devint amoureux d'une jeune religieuse nommée *Catherine de Verdun*, et lui



donna l'Abbaye de *Saint Louis de Vernon* en récompense du *Souvenez vous de moi* que lui avait légué la tendre religieuse. Plus tard la plupart des religieuses se livrèrent à toute espèce de scandale en se rendant seules et en secret, dans les maisons et dans les chambres de ceux qu'elles désiraient voir. Elles portaient des vêtemens immodestes et indécens, et se montraient au parloir, brillantes de couleurs empruntées. Enfin sous les règnes des derniers Capets, L'Abbaye de Longchamps acquit un autre genre de célébrité. On s'y rendait en foule les Mercredi, Jeudi, et Vendredi Saints, pour assister à une espèce de concert spirituel, où se faisaient entendre dans les *leçons chantées aux Ténèbres* les voix les plus mélodieuses. L'Archevêque de Paris, crut voir dans ce Pèlerinage un acte de curiosité autant que de dévotion ; on dit même qu'ayant eu connaissance de désordres arrivés dans l'église, il interdit la musique. L'église devint déserte ; mais la promenade n'y perdit rien ; et jusqu'à l'époque de la Révolution, on vit ces mêmes jours, dans les allées du *Bois de Boulogne*, tout ce que Paris et la cour pouvaient offrir de plus riche et de plus brillant dans tous les genres. L'Abbaye de Longchamps fut vendue et démolie pendant la révolution ; les promenades cessèrent ; elles reprirent faveur sous le consulat de Bonaparte, tombèrent un peu sous l'empire ; et vous voyez, dit Napoléon de M... en terminant ce récit, qu'il est redevenu de bon ton, sous

la restauration, d'y venir étaler son faste et promener son oisiveté.

Tout en causant ainsi, nous étions arrivés dans le bois de Boulogne; une voiture trainée par quatre chevaux passe rapidement à côté de nous; elle renfermait les trois *leading* hommes de la France. A sa taille petite, à ses épaules hautes et à sa tête enfoncée, à ce front large et chauve qui cache des yeux petits mais étincelans et à toute cette figure qui a quelque chose de si burlesque, il me fut facile de reconnaître Monsieur de Corbière, jadis mince juriconsulte de province, alors Ministre de L'Intérieur. Il conversait familièrement avec un personnage vêtu d'une simple redingotte noire, portant une figure sévère et dont la blanche chevelure recouvrait une partie des épaules: La Comtesse m'apprit que ce vieillard était Denis de Frayssinous, sacristain de paroisse sous l'Ancien régime, chanoine du Chapitre de Notre Dame sous l'Empire, enfin devenu par humilité *Evêque d'Hermopolis*, *Membre de l'Académie Française* et *Ministre des Cultes* sous Charles X. Le troisième était M. de Villèle, ce géant de renommée, dont la taille n'a point cinq pieds de hauteur; ce stentor dont la voix terrible retentissait aux extrémités du Monde ultra-monarchique, tandis que son organe aigre et nazillard se faisait à peine entendre au pied de la tribune; ce Chef d'opposition dont la main puissante soutint presque seule, pendant six ans, les derniers débris des Insti-

tutions féodales et dont le corps maigre et chétif semble n'avoir point deux jours à vivre ; ce plébéien enfin devant qui se taisait la morgue des grands noms, dont la puissance et la fortune sont sans égales, et qui sous l'Empire ne put arriver qu'aux modestes fonctions de *Membre du Conseil Général du Département de la Haute Garonne*.

Mes trois compagnons de promenade me racontèrent une foule d'anecdotes piquantes sur ces trois personnages. Nous rimes beaucoup des goûts gastronomiques de l'Evêque, de sa passion pour le jeu de Billard, et de son amour pour les Jésuites. Nous nous amusâmes des saillies que la Comtesse nous rapporta de Monsieur de Corbière. Ennuyé d'une longue discussion, il était un jour, nous dit-elle, sorti de la salle des séances des Députés ; il rentre et voit deux membres à la Tribune : Bon, dit il, les voilà qui parlent deux à la fois, ce sera plus tôt fait. Pendant la discussion d'une loi concernant les poudres et salpêtres, il s'en fut en disant qu'il n'estimait le salpêtre que pour la préparation des Jambons. L'éloquent Manuel s'était un jour oublié au point d'exciter de violens murmures dans la chambre et d'être obligé de donner des explications qui ressemblaient à une rétractation : " Notre Collègue est tout honteux de sa sottise " dit le Ministre ; " mais soyons charitables pour les faiblesses du prochain, voilà peut-être comme je serai demain."

Nous applaudîmes au récit de la Comtesse, mais nous demandions d'où venaient les trois Ministres ? D'un pèlerinage au *Mont Valérien*, reprit tout à coup notre belle conteuse, et aussitôt l'ordre fut donné au cocher de nous conduire au *Saint Calvaire*.

Il était quatre heures du soir. Nous traversâmes le pont de Neuilly, et arrivés près du *Mont Valérien*, nous descendîmes de notre équipage. Je donnai le bras à la Comtesse. Nous trouvâmes au pied de la montagne une procession de jeunes filles qui chantaient des cantiques sacrés sur des airs qui ne l'étaient pas. Nous ne nous arrêtâmes ni pour écouter ces pieux cantiques, ni pour payer notre tribut aux Marchands de Crucifix ; ni pour déposer notre aumône dans les troncs placés à la porte de la Chapelle, et portant cette inscription banale : *Pour les âmes du Purgatoire*. Nous allâmes droit à la croix et nous considérâmes à loisir le Calvaire élevé sur un rocher factice. Les trois figures des trois croix sont fort grandes, mais assez mal sculptées, et plus mal peintes encore ; et Napoléon me fit observer que la figure du mauvais larron était la seule où l'on trouvait quelque mérite, sous le rapport de l'art. Nous entrâmes ensuite dans une espèce de grotte pratiquée au dessous de la croix et dans la quelle se trouve Jésus Christ couché nu sur des fleurs. De nombreux fidèles appartenans à la classe la plus élevée de la nation, mêlés à de hideux mendiants couverts de plaies venaient l'adorer.

Nous vîmes une femme lui baiser les pieds, les genoux, le couvrir de ses larmes ; elle était entourée de plusieurs autres dames . . . . La Comtesse me tira le bras, m'assura que c'était la Duchesse d'Angoulême, et m'entraîna hors de la grotte.

Tout surpris de cette rencontre, nous avions regagné en silence notre voiture, et comme l'heure était avancée, nous traversions, à la hâte, le village de Putheaux pour retourner à Paris, quand un grand nombre de peuple rassemblé à la porte d'une modeste église frappa notre attention. Je descends précipitamment de voiture, Napoléon, me suit et perçant la foule nous entrons dans le temple.

Un jeune homme allait s'unir avec une fille de son choix ; elle était jeune comme lui et belle de sa fraîcheur et de cette grâce décente qui sied si bien aux vierges, et qui présage aux époux un avenir de paix et de bonheur. Elevée, à ce que nous apprit un des parents, dans une autre religion que celle de son amant, elle semblait se confier sans crainte et sans remords à celui qu'elle aimait dès l'enfance. Soit que les deux fiancés se fussent présentés inutilement à l'église Catholique, soit que le jeune époux eût fait observer qu'ils adoraient le même Dieu et qu'il voulait que ses enfans le priassent comme lui ; c'était dans un temple protestant qu'ils étaient venus faire bénir leur union. Ils marchaient vers l'autel et une foule curieuse se pressait sur leur passage. Napoléon

et moi nous pensâmes d'abord que la beauté seule de la jeune vierge excitait cette curiosité publique. Nous ne voyions que les époux, nous ne prêtions attention qu'à la cérémonie. Le Ministre s'avance vers les jeunes gens ; il étend sur eux ses mains pacifiques, et tandis que l'assemblée prête l'oreille, il leur adresse quelques mots : Jeune homme ! vous avez accepté une grande tâche en prenant une épouse hors de votre communion ; vous vous imposez des devoirs plus étroits que vos frères ; il vous faudra plus de vertu, plus de douceur, plus de tolérance ; que jamais des querelles religieuses ne troublent votre ménage ; songez que vous répondez à Dieu de la croyance de votre femme et que vous devez éviter de faire une prosélyte . . . . . Le vieillard parlait encore ; il allait continuer des paroles d'union, quand de soudaines clameurs vinrent l'interrompre. Nous entendîmes hors du temple des bruits confus semblables à celui des flots qui viennent se briser avec fracas contre les rochers, et qui se taisent en se retirant pour revenir avec plus de violence. Le Ministre interdit s'arrête ; la jeune épouse palit et devient plus blanche que le voile virginal qui couvre encore sa tête. L'époux frémit de rage, les parens se pressent les uns contre les autres et se demandent quel est ce présage funeste ? le bruit redouble : que veulent ils, s'écrient en entrant dans le temple plusieurs de ces hideux mendiants, de ces pèlerins, des deux sexes, que nous

avons remarqués au Calvaire ? faut-il qu'ils enlèvent, qu'ils séduisent nos filles ? Quel serment sacrilège va-t-on lui faire prêter ? Pénétrons dans ce lieu de séduction et arrachons la à ceux qui la trompent . . . et ils excitent la haine de quelques fanatiques ; en vain des habitans plus sages veulent arrêter leur violence ; en vain Napoléon et moi nous cherchons à leur faire entendre le langage de la raison ; ils ne nous écoutent pas ; les pierres volent sur les défenseurs des deux époux. L'autel en était couvert, le ministre avait été atteint, et elles avaient roulé jusque sur le tapis où la fiancée était en prières. Le danger était pressant ; le digne pasteur se hâta de bénir le mariage, ouvrit aux deux époux une porte cachée, et tout en leur adressant ces mots sublimes, " mes amis, pardonnez leur, car ils ne savent ce qu'ils font," il les conduisit hors du temple et dans sa propre maison.

Emus au dernier point, nous rejoignîmes Napoléon et moi, la Comtesse, et notre ami B . . . . Nous leur racontâmes la scène qui venait de se passer et nous rentrâmes à Paris, après avoir maudit, tous ensemble, la superstition mère de tous les crimes ; après avoir reconnu, avec Voltaire, que la discorde est le plus grand mal du genre humain, que la tolérance en est le seul remède ; et après m'être promis de combattre jusqu'à la mort les deux monstres qui désolent la terre en pleine paix ; la tyrannie et l'intolérance.

## THE WARS OF THE ROSES.

BY JOHN BIRD, ESQ.

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SLOW broke the morning o'er a field of blood,  
Whence shrieks of agony arose to heaven ;  
Friends, brothers, that in fierce encounter stood,  
Arm against arm, now prayed to be forgiven ;  
Twins, who in one fond fostering breast had thriven,  
Father and son, in hostile ranks arrayed,  
With gory hands unwashed—with souls unshriven—  
Now wildly, tremblingly, for mercy prayed,  
Who mercy had renounced ; by War, fiends, murderers, made !

SLOW broke the morning o'er that crimsoned field,  
As fearing to withdraw night's shadowy veil :  
Shines forth the sun—red horror stands revealed—  
And nature shrinks aghast, and war grows pale !  
In one wild ruin lies the grassy vale,  
That smiled so peacefully but yester morn !  
Oh that some hand could blot the guilty tale,  
Ere to posterity its shame is borne,  
A marvel and reproach, to ages yet unborn !



And thou, sweet injured flower, pure as the dew  
That falls from heaven upon thy stainless vest ;  
Oh ! weep'st thou not thy buds of varying hue,  
Unwilling symbols of a murderer's crest ?  
Alas ! be roses red or white the best,  
Their cause spreads far destruction o'er the land !  
Where'er it rages like a deadly pest,  
It arms 'gainst earth and heaven the erring hand,  
And changes Britain's sons to a fierce ruthless band !

Shines forth the sun :—lorn maids and widows come  
To bear the dying and the dead away ;  
Young hearts allured from happiness and home  
To fight, to fall, in that unblest affray ;  
Now spurned—abandoned ! Oh his thirst allay  
Who gasps in anguish !—still those piercing cries :  
Bind up his wounds whose life-blood wells away—  
Receive his parting breath, and close his eyes,  
Whom whispered hope may cheer, ere yet his spirit flies !

One being there is that hovers o'er the slain,  
Like some bright spirit sent to save—to bless !  
See where she kisses off each crimsoned stain,  
And clasps yon breathless form with fond caress :  
Is this a scene for maiden loveliness ?  
He hears thee not ! Edmund hath run his race !  
Pale lengthening shadows on his eyelids press,  
Yet love undying lingers for a space—  
“Margaret,” he cried, “alas ! oh hide that angel face !”

"I come to save thee!" "Love, thou comest in vain :  
I die ; oh ! would to heaven I had been dead,  
Ere thy dear scarf blushed with unhallowed stain  
Of one whose life-blood dyes its azure red.  
Oh ! look not on me thus : ask not who bled  
Beneath my brand ; nor that soft hour recall  
When at thy suit I swore no blood to shed  
Of Margaret's race—'twas in thy father's hall—  
His falcon crest I knew not till I saw him fall.

"I swore—my faith is broken : curse me not,  
Sweet Love, I feel the fiery pangs within :  
My fame is sullied by one demon spot,  
Oh, what shall expiate that deadly sin !  
Thou weepest, Margaret : when foul feuds begin,  
What eye the fatal issue shall foresee—  
We met, we 'countered, 'mid the battle's din,  
He fell, but oh ! the bolt recoils on me,  
For have I not, alas ! sweet Love, lost heaven and thee !

"Thou weepest, Margaret—can thy gentle heart  
Forgive so foul a wrong ?—Oh could I live—  
What tears—what penance—but, alas ! we part  
Ere thy so guileless spirit can forgive !  
Yet, oh ! sweet Margaret, let not hate survive  
Thy Edmund's death ; when o'er this wretched frame  
The turf shall rise—will not thy pity thrive  
The fallen wretch whom life, love, glory, fame,  
Fled in one hour, and left to death—to shame ?

" My breath grows faint—one last farewell—and  
then,

Oh quit this place !—Margaret, 'tis not for thee  
To wander where war rages, and fierce men  
Respect not youth or innocence—oh, flee !  
Yet turn once more, so may thy Edmund see  
The angel form that, like its native heaven,  
Smiles in bright mercy on a wretch like me,  
Whispering my soul its frenzy is forgiven,  
For this alone with death hath the lost Edmund  
striven !"

" Forgive thee, Edmund !—shall not I forgive  
A death unmeant ? my father I must weep  
While tears may flow,—yet oh ! my Edmund, live,  
Live, and atone by penance stern and deep  
Thy unconscious fault ; then shall his spirit sleep,  
That seems ev'n now to wander o'er the plain.  
Ha ! 'tis my brother ! shall his falchion steep  
In thy dear blood ?"—" Aye, by our father slain,  
His blood shall flow ! Away, minion, you plead in  
vain !"

" Mercy !—I know it not, thy guilty love  
Hath been my guide to vengeance ! wouldst thou  
plead  
For an assassin ?—now, by heaven above,  
By him our father bled, and he shall bleed ;  
'Tis meet atonement for a murderer's deed."

The dying man low murmured, " Love, farewell."  
Pale Margaret saw her brother's falchion speed  
Its deadly aim, and striving to repel,  
Received the fatal wound, and faintly shrieking, fell.

Wild and aghast the wretched Hubert stood :  
" I die," she cried, " dear Edmund, die with thee ;  
Shall not my blood atone a father's blood !  
One kiss, sweet love, and I shall sleep with thee.  
Dead !—dead ! Oh ! churl, thy Margaret thus to flee ;  
Hubert, my brother, kiss me ere I die :  
Oh ! let us not in death divided be,  
Whom deathless love united ;"—with a sigh  
Her seraph spirit fled to seek its native sky.

And where is Hubert ? in a lonely vale  
Where through bright fields the rapid Calder flows,  
Rises a tomb ; around the marble pale  
Twin-blossoms stray, the fair and blushing rose,  
And there, at dewy morn and daylight's close,  
A wretched maniac wanders through the gloom,  
To the bleak night-wind breathes his frenzied woes,  
Or raves round Edmund's grave and Margaret's  
tomb,  
'Tis Hubert—masses all are vain to change his doom.

AGNES.

BY THOMAS ROSCOE, ESQ.

---

WE have been told of men who have died broken-hearted. It is a fable. Did the sickness of the heart kill, I should long since have been numbered with the dead.

How distinctly present to me is that evening when my friend—my kind, my only friend—left the hand of her whom he loved even beyond the love with which he regarded me, in mine! He was summoned by that voice of duty, whose words he never failed to obey, to a scene which claimed all the sympathies of his noble heart. His vast estates in the West Indies required the eye of a master to correct the terrible abuses which prevailed there; and Reginald, without hesitation, resolved to make the sacrifice of a year's absence from the two beings whom he most prized upon earth. His marriage was deferred till his return, for he was unwilling to expose his young and beautiful bride to the fervid suns of the West Indian islands. It was, indeed,

a sore and bitter trial, for he left her lonely and almost companionless. All her lovely sisters had one by one drooped and died; and I, her distant cousin, was her nearest living relative. To my care—I may almost say to my bosom—for as we parted he led her to my arms, did Reginald commend his treasure. How little did he think that the blessing he then pronounced over us was so soon to be changed into a curse. He went, and I carried Agnes to my mother's house: there, in the ancient woods and the pleasant prospects which surrounded it, I trusted that the long and tedious year of Reginald's absence, to the termination of which both Agnes and myself looked with impatience, might be not unprofitably spent. I vow to heaven that at this time my heart was as pure as her's whom I led there!

"The Hollows," which had been an old hunting lodge, was very remote from any populous neighbourhood, but in this Agnes rejoiced. She said that the society of my mother and myself would be delightful to her, and she wished for no other. But what solitude would not have been brightened by such a presence! All the light and captivating accomplishments which women only possess, were united in her with the highest cultivation of intellect. Books and delicious music, and painting from nature's own scenes of loveliness, and conversation, in which in-

nocence and intelligence, and happiness, were ever speakers, filled up the hours of the first happy days which we spent in this retreat. For upwards of three months, buried in this delicious solitude, I was utterly regardless and unaware of the progress of my own feelings. During this period Agnes and I were never, from morning to nightfall, at any one time two hours asunder. In the spring-meads, and in the summer-woods, we wandered arm-in-arm: I—so may I see heaven—thinking no ill. At length the autumn came, and brought with it new delights—delights! it brought with it that which blighted my heart for ever. One warm and sunny August evening Agnes had wandered out to sketch, leaving me reading to my mother. In about an hour I followed her, though for some time, in vain. I went to the waterfall, and through the woods, but still in vain: I was becoming rather anxious, when passing a little summer-house in the deep bosom of a cluster of beech trees, I discovered the object of my search. Fatigued with the heat, she had sought this shelter and fallen asleep. Her pencils were scattered beside her, mingled with the wild-flowers she had gathered in her walk. Her long dark ringlets were gently waving in the warm evening breeze, which seemed to raise upon her cheek its softest and loveliest suffusion. Some gentle thoughts were stirring in her dreams; for, as I stood

gazing upon her, she smiled. From that very moment my whole being was changed. Unknowing what I did, I bent down, as one worshipping, and kissed the parted lips before me. She still slept ; but not so my feelings : they were wakened, never more to know rest. As I knelt before her, I felt for an instant exalted beyond my human nature, and in the next moment I knew that hope and happiness had passed for ever from my heart. My doom was sealed—my race was run—my light was extinguished.

But what was the course which honour, and virtue, and friendship bade me pursue? In the solitude of that whole night, I meditated on the subject, and before the eye of the rising sun, I took, on my trembling knees, an oath which, by God's grace, I was enabled to keep sacred. I swore to bury for ever in my bosom the feelings which the last evening had awakened, and still to be the true and faithful friend of him who had trusted every thing to my honour. I knew and felt, when I took this resolution, that my heart must be crushed in the performance of it, yet still I resolved. It was, indeed, a difficult and dangerous part to act ; but if my life had been required of me for its performance, I would have freely given it !

I should in vain attempt to describe the feelings which seemed to be consuming me during the re-



mainder of the year, which I passed with Agnes. By efforts which now appear to me almost supernatural, I became at once a most accomplished actor—I might almost say, hypocrite. I was gay and cheerful, as usual: I went through the same round of occupations; I walked; I read; I sketched; I sang with Agnes as gaily as before; and no one, not even her, for a moment suspected the hollowness of all this. It has always been an inexplicable mystery to me that my health did not desert me during this fierce conflict, but no symptom of the kind appeared. I had hoped that the semblance of indifference might in time produce something of reality, but I was disappointed. My passion for Agnes still grew; but I had so completely schooled myself into all outward suppression of it, that opportunities which to others would have seemed irresistible, hardly offered a temptation to me. The touch of her white delicate hand, the odour of her warm balmy breath, created no sensation but that of deeper despair.

Once, and once only did I stand in danger of betrayal. It was not in her presence, for there I was always invincibly guarded. She had been towards the close of the year unwell; and her physician, as he left her one evening, taking me aside, told me that he apprehended she was suffering from the same fatal cause which had destroyed her sisters.

The remainder of that fearful interview I do not recollect; I only remember a stern resolution to betray no emotion, and I suppose I succeeded, for on the following day Dr. — made no allusion to what had passed. My attentions to Agnes now became most anxious, and I looked with strangely mingled feelings for the return of Reginald from abroad. At length he came—but how changed! The fervid climate had done its work upon him, and his health had suffered even more than that of Agnes during their absence. Madeira afforded the only chance of recovery for both, and thither they entreated me to accompany them. But before our voyage a ceremony was to be performed, which called for all the firmness of my soul. I was to give away the bride; I did it, and they who were present commended me for the cheerful seriousness with which I performed the duty. Could they have read my heart, how deeply would they have pitied me.

Gentle breezes and calm seas wafted us to the happy climate to which we were bound, but that climate seemed to have no balm in store for us. Reginald grew rapidly worse; and as we tended his sick couch, Agnes and I were scarcely ever separated. Never in the hours of that happy summer which we spent together under the shade of the old woods, amid the melody of birds and the odour of sweet flowers, did she seem so truly lovely as when bend-

ing over the bed of her dying husband. He died in our arms, blessing us.

Before this event occurred, I had never dared to think of it. I could not bear to couple any thing like hope with the loss of my earliest and dearest friend, with that fatal infliction which would deprive Agnes of the husband whom she adored. But now that he reposed in the bosom of the green mountains of Madeira, I myself expected that some traces of hope, some embers of former feeling would be awakened within me. But I found that the current of these feelings had been dried up. The violence which I had so long exercised over my heart had crushed it, and in vain I attempted to revive it. Never in all my former sufferings did I experience sensations so sickening as those which now oppressed me. I seemed as if I were losing the faculty of appreciating and understanding the virtues and charms of Agnes, and I grew disgusted with the torpor which stole over my soul. In the mean while Agnes visibly declined, and though I watched over her with a brother's fond attention, it was evident that she would shortly follow him whom she had lost. The summer came on, and to avoid the heat we retired to the mountains. Agnes was still able to walk a short distance abroad, and in the evening she was accustomed to wander for a little while alone. These moments

I thought she devoted to a preparation for the awful change which awaited her. One evening I went to meet her, and found her, as I had before found her, in sweet and tranquil slumbers. Once again I bent down and kissed her; and like the touch which drew the living waters from the rock, that kiss drew from my indurated heart all its former feelings. At this moment Agnes opened her eyes, and I cast myself before her in an agony of passion, at the recollection of which even now each nerve within me trembles. Nothing but the instant death of one of us could have prevented me from disclosing the great secret of my existence—my unbounded, my unrequited love. I told her, as she listened motionless and speechless, the whole sad history of my feelings, my sufferings, my struggles, and my triumph: and yet I breathed not a single whisper of hope. I knew that Death was waiting for his Bride; and he came to claim her. As I concluded my wild and hurried confession, Agnes took my trembling hand, and tenderly kissed it. "You have," she spoke faintly and indistinctly, "my deepest pity, my purest affection, my warmest gratitude. God will yet bless you for all that you have suffered for my sake, and for that of him whom I am going to rejoin: and yet to leave you thus,—you, my more than brother, is the sting of death." She spoke no more, but bent forwards into my arms and died.

And many a prow returned ; but where  
Wert thou, the object of all care ?  
Bright sunshine all the sails illumed,  
Yet wert thou in the sea entombed ;  
Each mariner, with joyful brow,  
Leapt to the land—where then wert thou ?

I stood within thy father's hall,  
'Twas vacancy, and silence all ;  
And there thy mother, bent with years,  
In speechless grief sat shedding tears.  
Above her hung thy pictured smile,  
That looked into my heart the while ;  
I thought of what had been ; and then  
Returned to my despair again !

Why will repose not come ?—Oh ! why  
Should I, who dare not live, not die ?—  
Who, in my loneliness forlorn,  
Down to a breathing shade am worn ?  
On life's extremest verge I stand  
Tottering ; the moon shines through my hand ;  
And Death, ere morrow's dawn arise,  
Shall still my heart, and seal mine eyes.

## THE CASTLE OF REINSPADTZ.

FROM THE GERMAN.

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IN the winter of a year which it is of no importance to name, since crimes, vengeance, and repentance, are not confined to any particular epoch, Louis Von Ranpact, a noble youth of Vienna, was passing over one of those large and uninhabited tracts of country which form part of the Westphalian territories. It grew dark and he was nearly benumbed with the cold ; the wind blew directly in his face, and appeared but the fore-runner of one of those snow storms, which sometimes lock up travellers for more than six weeks together. After riding a few miles farther, he suddenly saw the wall of a court yard before him, and discovering a bell he pulled it with violence, when the gate was opened by a porter, who respectfully inquired what he wanted. The traveller instantly told his situation, and asked to be directed to any place where himself and his horse might be refreshed ; or if that was impossible, he ventured to request the hospitality of the mansion before which he stood. " It is never

the custom," replied the porter, "to close the doors of this court against those who need assistance, but those whom pleasure might induce to seek these walls, would not long wish to remain within them." "Why not?" said Ranpact, hesitating on the threshold. "Because," added the other, "they would not find what they sought: I will send to the duke," he added, "and let him know a gentleman seeks here a night's shelter." Ranpact remained there almost half an hour, during which time several lights appeared in different parts of the castle. Presently the principal door opened, and two servants with torches approached and conducted him into a splendid hall, from whence he was led to a smaller apartment, where the owner was waiting to receive him.

The duke of Reinspadtz, the proprietor, was a man of not more than thirty-seven or thirty-eight years of age, of a very attractive aspect, but apparently in an ill state of health: his dress was splendid; still it was evident he was not purposely dressed for the reception of a guest. The uninhabited appearance of the room, struck young Ranpact so forcibly, that after the first greetings were over, he expressed his hopes that he had not brought his host from his usual apartment or disturbed him from his ordinary pursuits. "I always inhabit this room," said the duke with a faint smile, "from the appearance of it, you may perhaps

judge me an idler, therefore ——" he hesitated for a moment—" therefore," continued he, "you should the less scruple to break in upon my solitude—which—is complete." As he uttered the last word, Louis fancied he saw a tear in his eye, and felt an interest in him for which he could not account. The countenance of his host was sweet and prepossessing, but one on which sadness was evidently deeply engraved; yet every now and then an expression of smothered indignation passed over it. "You will not find in me a table companion I fear," continued he; "I am no longer one of those who can ply a guest the whole night over the bottle, and see him safely to bed; but all I have is at your service—and I shall be but too happy to see it enjoyed, although I may not partake; but it is not for want of hospitality, I assure you." "Your health," said Ranpact, "appears to have suffered." "Yes," resumed the other, "I do suppose I bear the traces of what I have endured." As he said this, he looked with so intense a glance at the door, that Louis turned suddenly round, but neither hearing nor seeing any thing, and the duke not making any further remark, the idea crossed his mind, that perhaps his bodily health was less disordered than his mental powers, for the duke appeared totally to have forgotten the presence of another person, and continued gazing on the fire with a vacant look. Ran-



past endeavoured to lead him into conversation, and was charmed with his host's manners and intelligence. At length he remarked, "I ought to have apologized to you, for keeping you so long in waiting for refreshment. I hope they did not neglect you at the lodge. I would have ordered supper immediately, but it is always served at a particular hour." When the clock struck the last quarter to ten, an ashy hue overspread the duke's countenance; his features gradually assumed a sterner character; his figure became more erect, and to have beheld him, one would have imagined him in the act of defying some being, whose superiority he confessed. Presently the door opened, and the supper being announced, the duke conducted his guest to the adjoining chamber, which though a state room, was evidently in daily use. The table had covers laid for three persons; the duke's seat was at the head, one was lower down, and the other close to his left hand. Ranpact doubted for a moment, which was meant for him, but a motion from the servants induced him to take the lower one. The duke did the honour of a splendid supper, and they commenced their repast, that is Ranpact did, for he remarked the Duke scarcely touched what was on his plate. A few minutes after they were seated, the door by which they had entered opened again, and a young lady apparently of twenty-seven or twenty-eight appeared.

The deepest melancholy was painted in her countenance, and marked her whole deportment: her dress was a perfect contrast to the splendour amongst which she stood; a light grey cloth dress, with long hanging sleeves, was all she wore, and her hair was merely fastened up by a comb; but she wanted no adventitious aid. Louis thought he had never seen any thing so beautiful. He sprung from his seat, and had advanced already nearly to her, when struck by the impropriety of his conduct, he stood without either advancing or retreating; but she, who had never raised her eyes, pursued her way, and took her seat by the duke's side. He helped her to part of the dish which was before him, in silence: she received it, but she blushed deeper and deeper, and at length her tears fell fast upon the table. By this time, Louis had reseated himself; he looked on her with an interest, which, gay knight as he was, he had never felt for any woman before; but when he saw her tears, he turned on the duke a look, as much as to say, are these caused by you? he observed that his eyes were also filled, but that he kept his head averted from her. After a while, she turned to a waiting man who stood near her, and to Louis's amazement, he brought to the duke a cup which, although curiously set and ornamented with silver, he perceived to be a human skull. The duke filled it with wine: it was presented to her, she

drank from it, and rose from table ; then, and then only, did she raise her eyes ; they were turned on him : they mutually looked on each other, and what a world of thoughts did they express ! She left the room, and the duke gradually recovered his composure, but he seemed worn out, and Ranpact thought he saw death imprinted on his face. Presently the duke asked him if they should adjourn, and Ranpact followed him in such a tumult of feelings that he was not at first aware that they were not returning to the chamber they had left. Suddenly stopping, he said in a low voice, " My Lord, where are we going ? " " I see," said the duke, with a melancholy smile, " your confidence has not increased in the three hours which we have been acquainted ; but he added, " you have nothing to fear." Saying this he entered a room decorated with black hangings, at the further end of which, on a kind of platform, stood a bier, over which a pall was thrown. Upon it a soldier's cap, cloke, and a broken sword were placed : a plume of feathers ornamented the head of the coffin ; but a greater ornament than cap, cloak, or feathers, sat also there,—the lady whom Ranpact had seen at the supper table ; and in the same attitude of sadness and humility, her eyes still bent downwards, and the tears still falling from them. The duke sat down opposite to her, and so did Louis : she presently began to chaunt the office for the dead—

the dead who died by the hand of violence—and ended with the penitential psalms. The duke listened with a manner totally different from what he manifested at the table: no tears glistened in his eyes, neither was his head averted. At length appearing to make an effort over himself, and speaking in a clearer and firmer voice than he had yet done, he said, “It never was in my nature to receive affection and not return it fourfold; whatever might have been my errors or my pursuits, it was ever in that lady’s power to reform and change them. I might not have deserved the hand she gave me, but of this I am sure, I valued it beyond all earthly blessings. Sir, you have seen enough to excite the dullest curiosity, nor will I refuse to satisfy yours; you shall hear our story, and in making you acquainted with circumstances unknown to all, and of import to us alone, I think I shall not misplace my confidence.” Ranpact knew not what to reply: an hour ago he would have hailed this mark of trust in the duke, and gladly would he have offered his life in the service of one towards whom he had been so inexplicably attracted; but the sight of that lady, her grief, her punishment, for such he conceived he was witnessing, had wrought a complete change in his sentiments, and he dreaded the idea of being compelled to be her judge: he was silent. The duke proceeded. “It matters but little in whom I am put-

ting confidence, since the only one who had the power of conferring happiness or misery on me has—Sir,” he added in a louder and more authoritative tone, “if in telling this story I depart from the truth, if I veil one crime on my part in order to render her’s more flagrant, may I miss that mercy hereafter which I have denied her here. I suppose I need not say I married that lady for love, nor need I repeat a tale of past happiness: it is only by keeping my eyes fixed on this scene, and my heart bent on my miseries, that I acquire the power of detailing the cause of all which you behold. Among those who flocked to this castle when it was a gay and happy place, was a young nobleman, cousin of a neighbouring Count. He, more boldly than the rest, openly talked of and defied the beauty of its lady; he affected to wear her colours, and in fact half jestingly and half in earnest represented himself to be enamoured of her. I checked this as far as I was able, but afraid of acquiring the character of a jealous and suspicious husband to one in whom I placed the most unbounded faith, I took no measure to keep them asunder. One evening when we had several guests, though he was not one of them, she had been absent longer than was usual from the room in which we supped to night; I sought for her and found her in this apartment —” The duke here paused, his voice failed him, but he presently proceeded in a monotonous tone

his hand resting on the bier, and his eyes fixed on the sword and cap which were on it. "They were sitting together on the couch in a manner which rendered it certain that I was dishonoured. I stood a moment at the door, then springing upon them both prevented either from rising. I asked no questions: none of us spoke. She took my hand in a supplicatory manner, and that action which had never been in vain before, now used in his behalf, wound me to madness. Drawing my sword I commanded him to do the same, and demanded of him the satisfaction due to me. Then began the most sanguinary duel that was ever fought between man and man. I had disarmed him and was pausing whether I should kill him or not, when she threw herself between us. 'Spare him,' she said, 'or end both our miseries at once.' I thought not—I hesitated not a moment, but plunged my sword into his heart. We were deluged with blood: she seized his sword and attempted to stab herself with it, but I wrenched it from her hand, and snapping it in two threw mine to the further end of the room. 'I could slay you,' said I, 'this moment, and there lives not the man who would not excuse me; but I will not send you to a tribunal still higher than that of your injured husband's; I shall never be satiated by earthly vengeance, yet at that I shall stop—as much as man can inflict you shall suffer.' I had the body enclosed in

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a coffin excepting the head, which as you have seen forms her drinking cup. This chamber, once ours, I have resigned to him as she had done before; she keeps him company singing the morning and evening service over the dead slain by their enemies; she sups nightly with me, but we have never spoken since that fatal night. I know how her days are passed: would she know how mine are spent, let her ask her heart how ill time must speed with one who once enjoying her presence now lives parted from her. Such has been our lives for three years; but this will not last much longer, and when I quit the world I shall not condemn her to sing my requiem." As he spoke he cast a glance upon her far more resembling affection than hatred; but he ceased to speak, and Ranpact shortly after was conducted to his chamber under such a variety of feelings that he scarcely knew which predominated.

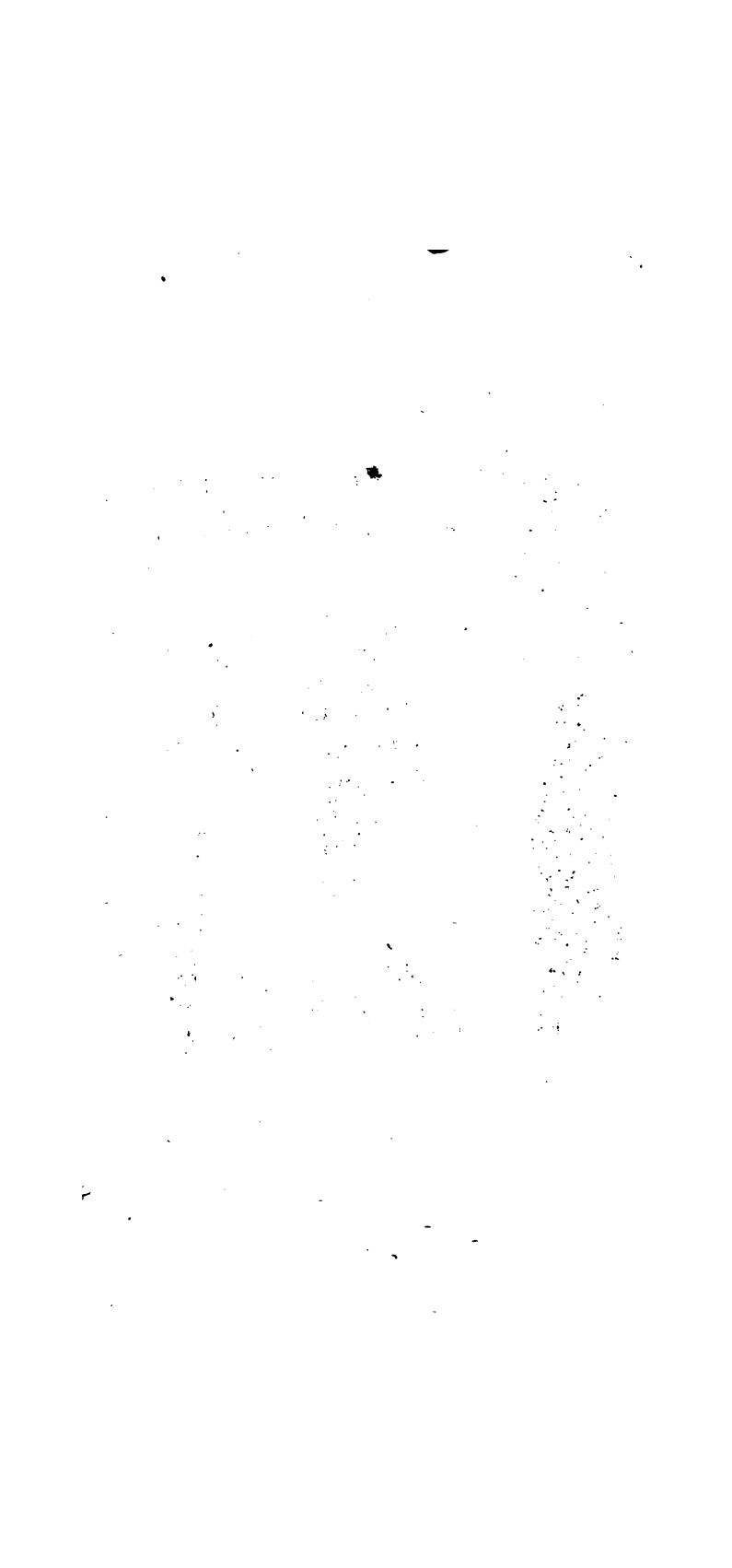
Before midnight the duke again entered her apartment: his manner was composed, yet he bore the appearance of one who had suffered a strong mental conflict; his eyes were red and his hair was disordered. She rose at his entrance: he stood before her a moment in silence, at length he said, "I arrogated to myself a power not vested in man; I thought I took justice into my own hands, but I feel it was only vengeance; and I am no longer capable of pursuing the same conduct; I wish I had let you speak,

but your silence was also your obedience:" he threw himself on the chair from which he had just risen. She approached him, but did not take the hand which he extended towards her: he put it on her head, "if you will accept," he continued in a lower and more trembling voice, "the forgiveness of one who needs yours as much, I can only say, from the bottom of my heart, it is offered to you: oh, doubt not that the heart which could inflict on you the sufferings it has, has ever ceased one moment its passionate regrets at a separation which nothing could render tolerable; your life has been solitary, mine has been equally so; I have never partaken of any amusement or employment in which we used to join; every thing has been left, as you left it; do you think I could ever leave those walls which served you for a prison?" added he in a softer tone, "or that—but from henceforth be as free during the remainder of my life, as you infallibly will be at my death; you shall never have cause to look on that but with hope!" She turned round to throw herself into his arms; but stopping, took the crucifix from the coffin on which it had lain, and putting it into his hand, which she clasped with both hers, "No, my Lord; no," said she, "hope never sprung but from one sepulchre—in his name, and by his mediation alone, who triumphed over death, do I implore your forgiveness, grant me that, and I shall for ever bless you; but do not remit



what you call my punishment, for then you will not send for me even during that short half hour which is the only thing that renders my life bearable. I do not say this to move you to further favour; I know I have dishonoured you beyond my power of amends, but believe, there never was a crime so suddenly perpetrated nor so instantaneously repented." No more words were spoken; and when Ranpact sought the duke, with the intention of taking his leave, and not finding him, ventured to re-enter the room, he found them clasped in each others arms. He looked on them for some moments; and heard the convulsive sobs of each. The duke then drew one long deep sigh, and fell into the arms of Louis:—the heart which had so long struggled with the bitterest of human passions at length broke, and his wounded and repentant spirit returned to its Creator.

Such was the effect of this shock on the constitution of the unfortunate duchess, that her relatives to whose care she was committed, could not for many months comply with her earnest request to be allowed to take the veil. To the nunnery of N——, however, she at length retired; and grief, shame, and severe religious discipline soon terminated her melancholy existence.





CHRISTABEL.

*Printed by W. Davis, Fisker's Court, London, Dec. 1828.*

## CHRISTABEL.

FROM THE POEM SO ENTITLED,

BY S. T. COLERIDGE, ESQ.

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“ THUS Bracy said : the Baron, the while,  
Half-listening heard him with a smile ;  
Then turned to Lady Geraldine,  
His eyes made up of wonder and love ;  
And said in courtly accents fine,  
Sweet maid, Lord Roland’s beauteous dove,  
With arms more strong than harp or song,  
Thy sire and I will crush the snake !  
He kissed her forehead as he spake,  
And Geraldine in maiden wise,  
Casting down her large bright eyes,  
With blushing cheek and courtesy fine,  
She turned her from Sir Leoline ;  
Softly gathering up her train,  
That o’er her right arm fell again,  
And folded her arms across her chest,  
And couched her head upon her breast,  
And looked askance at Christabel—  
Jesu, Maria, shield her well !

A snake's small eye blinks dull and shy,  
And the lady's eyes they shrunk in her head;  
Each shrunk up to a serpent's eye,  
And with somewhat of malice, and more of dread,  
At Christabel she looked askance !—  
One moment—and the sight was fled !  
But Christabel in dizzy trance,  
Stumbling on the unsteady ground—  
Shuddered aloud, with a hissing sound ;  
And Geraldine again turned round,  
And like a thing, that sought relief,  
Full of wonder and full of grief,  
She rolled her large bright eyes divine  
Wildly on Sir Leoline."

## SONG.

Air—"I've been roaming."

---

STATELY towers ! Blissful hours  
I have past beneath your shade,  
When the flowers in your bowers  
Bloom'd as though they ne'er could fade.

Mould'ring ruin ! Time is strewing  
Mosses o'er thy grey-bleach'd head,  
While the patt'ring leaves are scatt'ring  
Autumn's trophies o'er the dead.

Falling towers ! Vanish'd hours  
Left ye old and found me young ;  
O'er your bowers fate now lowers,  
Silence dwells your halls among.

Lofty towers ! Kingly powers  
Met your buttress'd walls within ;  
Through your portals proudest mortals  
Strode to join the battle's din.

Crumbled arches ! Ruin marches  
O'er your pride of carved stone  
Your foundation desolation  
Chooses for her silent throne.

Fallen towers ! Peaceful hours  
Still I spend your courts among ;  
Rank weed flowers choke your bowers ;  
But each fragment has a tongue !

THE END.

Thomas White, Printer,  
Johnson's Court.















